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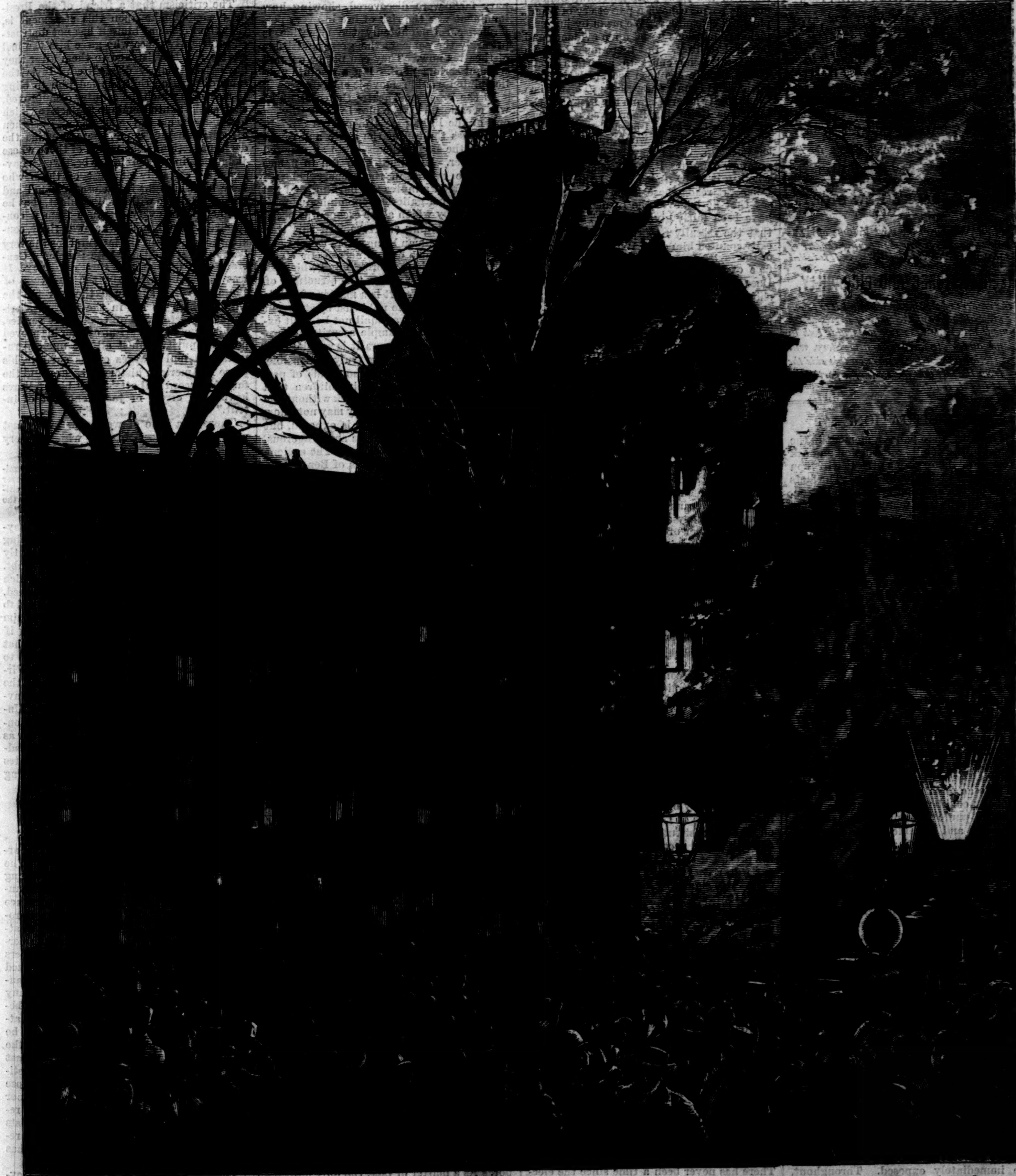

BURNING OF THE BROOKLYN THEATRE—SCENE AT THE WASHINGTON STREET ENTRANCE.—From a Sketch by Granville Perkins.—[See Page 1042]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1876.

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THE SITUATION.

IT is instructive to pause a moment in the midst of the pending discussion and ask the reason of the excitement. It will then appear to be a little humiliating. The facts are that on the morning after the election, when the returns from many States were not known, and could not possibly be known, the vote of certain States was put down for Mr. TILDEN. For a few hours it was assumed that he was elected. But a few hours later showed what might have been easily enough foreseen, that as the returns could not have been known when the result was announced, the true result might turn out to be different from the announcement. The Democrats, however, instantly raised a shout from one end of the country to the other that Mr. TILDEN had been elected, and that the radicals, in desperation, intended to cheat him out of the Presidency. It was vociferated and repeated that there was a "plot" and a "conspiracy" to "count him out." Still nobody could possibly know who had even secured a majority upon the face of the returns. Republicans in some of the Southern States claimed certain Republican majorities, Democrats claimed others. One claim was as good as another, and as bad, for nobody could possibly know the truth. A kind of panic overspread the country. Even grave and sensible people wondered dolefully whether the American republic was about to founder on a calm sea, and so strong was the feeling that every newspaper and all conversation were devoted to the discussion.

The excitement sprang wholly from a sheer assumption, founded upon Democratic estimates, that Mr. TILDEN had been elected, and the simultaneous cry that if he were not declared to be the President, it was because of a foul Republican plot. If there was a conspiracy, there must be conspirators. Who were they? General GRANT and "ZACH" CHANDLER were mentioned. Now, in our judgment, "SAM" TILDEN and Mr. HEWITT are just as capable of a plot to cheat the people out of the result of an election as General GRANT and Mr. CHANDLER. Certain silly telegrams purporting to be from Mr. CHANDLER, and certain foolish remarks attributed to General GRANT, were published, which might be serviceable in pool-rooms and believed in bar-rooms, but which were evidently false, and made solely to foster the excitement, and which were immediately exposed. Throughout, the Republican papers insisted that Governor HAYES could not take the Presidency, even if he were counted in, if the counting in was justly suspicious. But we did not see a single Democratic journal which hinted that Governor TILDEN could not take it, even if his vote was clearly due to violence and terror. The *Nation*, indeed, distinctly asked Mr. HAYES if he could take it under a suspicion of fraud. But it seemed unaware that Mr. TILDEN could not, under any conceivable circumstances, touch it without a moral certainty that he owed it to force. For all his majorities were mainly in the Southern States, and there is no reasonable doubt how most of them were obtained.

We do not plead Democratic crime as an excuse for Republican rascality. What we said at the outset we say now. If in any case a just suspicion must fall upon the title of an Administration, it must not fall upon a Republican Executive. The situation is such that the Republican party could not survive it. And by just suspicion we do not mean the mere empty shouting of partisans, nor the insinuations of a speech so untruthful and unscrupulous as that of Mr. SEYMOUR in the New York Electoral College, nor the parrot echo of a parrot cry of fraud, plot, and conspiracy. We mean by just suspicion conclusions based upon evidence and fair probabilities. But there must be some wish and some effort to ascertain facts. Thus far there has been too much wild assertion and counter-assertion. Thus it has been stoutly asserted from the first that the Louisiana Returning Board was a reckless set of rascals, who had been already caught in cheating, and who would not hesitate to cheat again. This may be true. We are not now denying it. But what do those who say it know about it? If any candid Democrat reads these lines, we venture to say that he believes the Louisiana vote to have been fairly given to Mr. TILDEN, and that the rascally Returning Board dishonestly counted him out. What does he know of the facts, except that Mr. TILDEN had the face of the returns? Is that conclusive? Does the candid Democrat hold that there should never be any investigation "behind the returns?" Of course, if the returns, however procured, are final, there can be no further debate upon the question, and to throw out the vote of certain precincts was a crime for which there should be most exemplary punishment. But if it be right and lawful to go behind the returns in any case, then the mere fact that the Louisiana board did so in this case does not condemn the act, and they are not scoundrelly rascals merely because they did so.

But the objector would assert that the character of the board forbids the theory that they did so honestly. This, again, would evidently depend upon two things—their own character and that of the testimony upon which they acted. Now what do the greater number of those who condemn the Louisiana Returning Board as having been discredited by Republicans themselves know of the facts? In the first place, the present board is not that of 1872, identified with DURELL, although it is generally supposed to be the same. In the second place, Senator WEST, of Louisiana, states, over his name, that "no member of the board of to-day was on the board of 1872." But they are the board of 1874, it is answered, and that board was condemned by Republicans themselves. Again, what are the facts? There were two reports upon that board signed by Republicans. One described the action of the board as "unjust, illegal, and arbitrary." But that is very different from dishonest. A perfectly honest act may seem to be unjust, illegal, and arbitrary. The other report, while dissenting from the conclusions of the board, said, "We have no doubt that they believed they were defending the people of Louisiana against a fraud on their constitutional rights." And it adds that the record of Governor WELLS, the president of the board, "entitles him to our warmest sympathy and respect." This report was signed by Mr. WHEELER and Mr. G. F. HOAR.

We state these facts simply to show that a great many well-meaning people join in the indiscriminate censure of Louisiana politicians as rascals, without knowing any thing whatever of the facts. Among them are Republicans who incline to the same view. But do they believe that Republican politicians in Louisiana are more disposed to fraud than Louisiana Democratic politicians to intimidation, bribery, and coercion of every kind? The Democratic crime is no excuse, we repeat, for the Republican; but it is a reason for withholding partisan condemnation. There was not a day within the month after the election on which it was possible to form a proximately fair judgment of the actual situation in the disputed States. All that was clear was that the vehement partisan assertions upon both sides were valueless. There has never been a time since the election when Republicans doubted that Governor HAYES ought not to accept the Presidency if his title was not clear. That is their opinion still. And if, when the facts are fully known, it is plain that there is a just doubt, their opinion that he ought not to accept will be expressed without reserve.

THE BROOKLYN THEATRE.

THE terrible calamity of the Brooklyn Theatre is another of the warnings which are constantly thrust upon the public attention and as constantly unheeded. How many theatres are there in New York or in any of the cities and towns of the country which are better protected against such a disaster than the Brooklyn Theatre? How many places of public amusement or public resort of any kind are adequately provided with means of security for the audience? There is no necessity that there should be any question. But we prefer to run for luck, and the consequences ought to be expected. A few years ago there was some inquiry into the safety of the theatres in the city of New York, and some extraordinary facts were discovered, showing how imminent was the risk of life in every performance. Undoubtedly the situation is precisely the same in the great multitude of theatres now. They can not be entered without serious peril. But a resolute public opinion would remove it entirely.

In the Brooklyn Theatre the catastrophe was occasioned by the blowing of a "fly"—one of the light pieces of canvas stretching across the top of the stage and representing the sky or clouds—into an exposed gas-burner. The light stuff fell in flames upon the canvas in the scenery below—and in fifteen minutes the burning roof fell in. The upper galleries communicated with the lobby, by which alone escape was possible, by a winding staircase. In this trap hundreds of human beings were caught and smothered. Such events accuse our civilization. They show a sordid mind which despises human life. For the structure of places of public resort is a matter of public concern, and if we do not insist by stringent laws that such places shall not be built except with the most ample security against the most obvious dangers, it is we, the public, and we only, who are truly responsible. There are hundreds and thousands of parents who never carry their children to a theatre in the city of New York without the gravest apprehension. They may not know that the particular theatre is exposed, but they know that all theatres are dangerous, and especially exposed to fire. The cyclone that lately swept over parts of Bengal and slew thousands of persons is not a tragedy so great as that of the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre. The cyclone was unavoidable. It was beyond human calculation and control. But there was not a life lost in Brooklyn that might not easily have been saved, and that ought not to have been saved.

Of course the spasms of horror that follow such events will of themselves do nothing to prevent them. The whole subject of the safety of public halls and theatres and churches will remain practically untouched until it enlists the interest and action of some unwearied advocate, as the barbarities of the English penal laws aroused Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY, and the cruelty to seamen Mr. PLIMSOLL, and the cruelty to animals Mr. BERGH. Those three men, in different countries and ways, are public benefactors. And until some man appears who is devoted with equal fidelity to the protection of the public against such needless and appalling calamities as that in Brooklyn, the public mind and heart will continue to be shocked by them. It is not necessary that there should be twenty theatres, for instance, in New York, but it is necessary that every theatre in New York should be so constructed as to furnish ample security of life and limb to every person in the audience. This can be attained by law, and by law only; and to secure the law, something more is necessary than horror when three or four hundred human beings are needlessly suffocated.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE President's Message is a very characteristic document. It is unconsciously but actually addressed to the country rather than to Congress. It is a plain explanation, to those whom Mr. LINCOLN called the plain people, of the reason of faults alleged against the Administration. It is, moreover, a striking illustration of the simplicity and patriotism and rectitude of its author, and is a significant rejoinder to the wanton insult to the Executive offered by Mr. RANDALL in taking the Speaker's chair. It is part of the debasement of Democratic politics to represent General GRANT as a "usurper," a "tyrant," and a military despot. As a matter of fact, the only military President in our history who has displayed the military spirit in civil life was the ignorant, vindictive, and dogged JACKSON, one of the great gods of Democratic idolatry. But General GRANT'S entire civil career has quietly turned into ridicule the rodomontade about his "ambition" and his "designs." The tone of his Message in its personal allusions is pathetic. But there are few impartial Americans who have watched the course of the Administration closely who will not agree with the President's words:

> "Mistakes have been made, as all can see, and I admit; but it seems to me, oftener in the selections made of the assistants appointed to aid in carrying out the various duties of administering the government, in nearly every case selected without a personal acquaintance with the appointee, but upon recommendations of the Representatives chosen directly by the people. It is impossible where so many trusts are to be allotted that the right parties should be chosen in every instance. History shows that no Administration, from the time of WASHINGTON to the present, has been free from these mistakes; but I leave comparisons to history, claiming only that I have acted in every instance from a conscientious desire to do what was right, constitutional, within the law, and for the very best interests of the whole people. Failures have been errors of judgment, not of intent."

The criticism that a friend of the President would make upon this statement is, that the President himself has not distrusted sufficiently those who gave him the bad advice, and has listened to them after they have been plainly discredited. It is the same disposition that has led him to cling to measures which the country disapproved, such as the Santo Domingo project, to which he fondly recurs in the Message. But when all criticisms are made, there remains the deep conviction in the minds of those whose judgment, in our opinion, is best worth having, and certainly of most of those who have been brought into close personal and official relations with the President, that he has acted "in every instance from a conscientious desire to do what was right, constitutional, within the law, and for the very best interests of the whole people." General GRANT did not seek the Presidency. It was thrust upon him by the gratitude of those who had sustained the war for the Union, which he led in the field to a triumphant victory. For that great service, for his devoted patriotism, and for his proved personal purity amidst all the unclean rumors and foul charges of his enemies, his place in American history is secure, and the faithful record will attest that his "failures have been errors of judgment, not of intent."

There is a tone of weariness in the last words of this last Message which is very touching:

> "With the present Congress my official life terminates. It is not probable that public affairs will ever again receive attention from me further than as a citizen of the republic, always taking a deep interest in the honor, integrity, and prosperity of the whole land."

That republics are ungrateful is an old saying, and that a faithful and well-meaning servant of this republic has been greatly slandered in the President there is no doubt. A letter illustrating the ribald abuse which he has received has been lately published, attributed to a man whose name is signed to it, but who, we have hoped, would disclaim it. No denial has been published, and if the letter be genuine, it will appear that CHARLES O'CONOR, the lawyer who tried to subjugate New York to the slave law of Virginia, and the orator who tried to melt the manhood in Northern hearts that the slavery-debauched South might subdue the Union, has forfeited the respect of every honorable American by heaping upon GRANT as he retires fouler abuse than was ever addressed to a President of the United States since DUANE'S *Aurora* spat at the retiring WASHINGTON.

GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN.

WE wish to repair an omission in an article of last week upon South Carolina. The context sufficiently explained our meaning and position, but the words might be unfairly quoted. In speaking of the presence and duty of General RUGER in South Carolina, we said that he had no authority whatever to decide upon the validity of the certificates of persons claiming to be members of the Legislature. Even if unauthorized persons attempt to take part in the organization, "the law does not authorize any military officer to interfere. His duty begins only when 'domestic violence' is attempted. If there be a riot in the hall, he may keep the peace, and with the aid of the national troops if necessary." In this last sentence the words "under certain constitutional conditions" were omitted. Those conditions, of course, are that the Governor shall declare to the President, upon his responsibility, that domestic violence exists beyond his power to restrain, and shall request the aid which the United States has guaranteed.

That this assistance was asked by Governor CHAMBERLAIN is unquestionable, and should the correspondence be published, there is no reason to suppose that the Governor will be found to have departed from the line of his official duty. It is so much the fashion for utterly reckless Democratic partisans, like Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, to charge immeasurable fraud and corruption upon the Republicans, especially in the Southern States, and without the slightest information, or inquiry, or desire to know the truth, that we are not surprised by hearing it sometimes said that Governor CHAMBERLAIN is a corrupt usurper. "He ran off from Massachusetts," said a partisan of the SEYMOUR school, "to escape the State-prison for forgery." The truth is that he is a graduate of Yale, a soldier of the Union, a man of education and refinement and courage, and in these respects quite the equal of Mr. WADE HAMPTON, who until now has been the type of "the unreconstructed rebel." We opposed Governor CHAMBERLAIN'S election to his present office because of some stories in regard to his earlier residence in South Carolina. But his explanations disposed of the objections, and he has justified all that his New England friends urged in his favor.

No man has been more constantly abused than Governor CHAMBERLAIN, yet we doubt if any man in the Southern States, of any party, has had a fair and just solution of the perplexing problem of the South more constantly in view. He did not hesitate to break with such Republicans as MOSES and WHIPPER, and to refuse them their commissions as judges. His course was commended in the warmest terms by the Charleston Democratic organ and by the best Republican opinion every where. His policy would have produced the result that is essential to good government in every Southern State—the obliteration of the color line, and the persuasion of the more reasonable among the Southern whites that Republicanism does not mean hatred and injustice. Had the Democratic party in South Carolina really desired the harmony and good government which they professed, they would certainly have sought a union with the Republican sentiment represented by Governor CHAMBERLAIN. But trusting that the cry of "reform" would bring in Mr. TILDEN, they decided to attempt to obtain complete control of the State government. Party lines being thus rigidly drawn, Governor CHAMBERLAIN, naturally distrusting, on behalf of the blacks, the complete ascendency of the Democrats, accepted the contest at the polls. He knows from intimate experience, what we at this distance can also plainly see, that the intention of the white Democrats in the Southern States is to control absolutely, and by any means necessary to subdue the colored vote, the government of those States. This is the purpose which Governor CHAMBERLAIN means in every lawful way to resist, and because of this intention he will be bitterly maligned to the end. We can only hope, in the interest of his own cause, that he will be as wise as we believe him to be patriotic and humane.

AN HONORABLE PUBLIC SERVANT.

AFTER a service of thirty-eight years and more as an officer of the customs—a service untouched with suspicion and illustrated with great ability and efficiency—Mr. CHARLES P. CLINCH, at the age of seventy-nine years, has resigned his post in the New York Custom-house. He was appointed under a Democratic administration before there was a Republican party, and he retires under a Republican administration. He has always been a pronounced Democrat. He was so during the war. But we have never heard that he faltered in his duty any more than Mr. POTTS, a Democrat, who throughout the war and under Secretary STANTON, was Chief Clerk of the War Department. Mr. CLINCH began as Inspector, and ended as Assistant-Collector. He retained his place through many administrations of different politics. When the "clean sweeps" were made he was spared. And why? Because he was an honest, faithful, efficient officer. Was his long retention aristocratic? Was it a subversion of the popular principle of government? Did it deprive any body of his just rights? Was it other than a reasonable, sensible, and beneficial arrangement?

All the usual arguments against a reform of the civil service apply to Mr. CLINCH. Thus it may be said that he was not the only person in the country who could fill his positions acceptably, and that there were just as good and efficient men for the place in the dominant party as he. Was that any reason for removing an honest, faithful, and efficient officer? Then it is said that every man who holds office ought to agree politically with the administration. One of the highest officers in the government once in our hearing insisted that when the people change the political administration, they mean to change every body from the President down "to the messenger at the door of my office." But how did Mr. CLINCH'S differences of political opinion with an administration injuriously affect the discharge of his official duty? He was politically a Democrat, as he may have been ecclesiastically a Presbyterian. But how did that affect his opinion upon a question of the duty that wool or saltpetre ought to pay under a specific tariff? When the people change the administration, they may desire to change the political policy of the country; but they certainly do not wish that the Treasury should be swindled, and therefore they wish to retain under a changed administration all agents who are not political, but who have proved that they are alert and skillful watchmen of the Treasury.

This was the reason that Mr. CLINCH was retained, and that other officers of equal integrity and efficiency, who are not of the politics of the administration, are sometimes retained, and the reason why all such should be retained. Yet the argument for turning out a night-watchman is essentially a good argument for turning out all such officers as Mr. CLINCH and those to whom we refer. For if there are those of the dominant party who can fill the post of watchman, not less are there those who can do the duties that Mr. CLINCH did. If those duties require special training, that is a good argument for a system of promotion, not for introducing a raw and untrained man. If the duties of watchman require only vigilance, energy, and honesty, then every vigilant, industrious, and honest agent has them, and ought not to be supplanted by others, although they may presumably have the same qualities, unless it can be shown that the public service and not a party interest will be the gainer. If the sound and reasonable principle which retained Mr. CLINCH under a Republican administration were, as it should be, the established policy of the government, the present controversy about the Presidential succession would be patriotically and readily adjusted. That which envenoms the excitement is the mad thirst for "spoils." And why should the great mass of the people tolerate a system which permits the "plunderers" to make their private selfishness appear to be a public virtue?

THE NEW CESNOLA COLLECTION.

THE enterprise and liberality of a few citizens of New York secured for this country the "Kurium" collection of sculpture, gold, and precious stones, silver, bronzes, alabasters, terra cotta, glass-ware, etc., found by General DI CESNOLA in Cyprus. His discoveries have been among the most valuable and interesting of modern times. The exceeding beauty and interest of the collections already in the Metropolitan Museum of Art are well known, and those now obtained complete a unique gallery, the finest in the world, for which the British Museum has in vain competed. The British Museum was too slow in the negotiation with General DI CESNOLA for the first part of the collection; and as the energy of the Metropolitan Museum secured that collection, which was arranged here under the general's supervision, he naturally desired that the completion should also come to New York; and so, despite the pressure in London, he offered it to his New York friends. The subscription raised in a few days amounted to $40,000 in gold toward the whole sum of $60,000, which will be made up by further subscriptions and by the sale of unique duplicates of great value.

Those who are familiar with the Metropolitan Museum, while they recognize on the brief list of subscribers some of its best and most honored friends, will miss with unfeigned sorrow two names that were never wanting among the most generous givers to this museum and to all other enterprises of public benefit—JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON and the late WILLIAM TYLDEN BLODGETT. To the public spirit, untiring zeal, and great munificence of these two gentlemen the museum is most largely indebted. Perhaps it is not too much to say that without their interest and efforts and pecuniary aid, the museum would not have been established. The death of Mr. BLODGETT and the business misfortunes of Mr. JOHNSTON have been sincerely regretted as serious blows to the progress and development of that liberalizing and refining influence of art which they had both so intelligently fostered. Mr. BLODGETT'S fine collection of pictures was dispersed some months since, after his lamented death; and Mr. JOHNSTON'S, which was one of the most interesting and valuable in the country, is even now passing under the hammer. The misfortunes of such men are a kind of public misfortune, and awaken a sympathy as universal as it is sincere.

PERSONAL.

THE Governor elect of Indiana, Mr. WILLIAMS, familiarly spoken of as the wearer of pants tinted with a delicate azure, is said to be the fortunate possessor of a neat though modest home near Vincennes. It is a story-and-a-half frame house, painted white. The parlor has a modest ingrain carpet, a wide fire-place, with daguerreotypes on the mantel, a high-post bedstead with a patchwork quilt, and a portrait of General JACKSON hanging on the wall. Mrs. Governor WILLIAMS is seventy years old and feeble. In reply to a question whether she should accompany her husband to Indianapolis, Mrs. WILLIAMS replied: "It is not yet fully decided, but I guess not. It will be pretty hard for me to go away from home so far." Mr. WILLIAMS smiled at this, remarking, pleasantly, that "she would be very much like the woman who insisted for a whole year that she wouldn't move, whether her husband did or not; but at last, when every thing was packed, and the children had been assigned their seats on the top of the load, she came up to her husband and quietly asked, 'James, where am I to sit?'" "No, I guess not," quickly replied Mrs. WILLIAMS; "we shall not give up our home here, and I had better remain where I am." It is possible that Mrs. DUNN, his only surviving daughter, a widow, may accompany Mr. WILLIAMS and keep his house.

—Mr. SAMUEL J. RANDALL, the new Speaker of the House of Representatives, is now forty-eight years old, and has from early manhood taken an active part in political affairs. Four years he was in the Philadelphia City Council, and in 1858–59 in the Senate of Pennsylvania, and at Washington in the Thirty-eighth Congress, and has been re-elected ever since. Mr. RANDALL lives with his family in a plain way in a small three-story house of his own on Capitol Hill. He spends most of his leisure time at home.

—Uncle FRANK WHETTS, a colored centenarian, aged one hundred and eleven years, was one of the guests at his granddaughter's wedding at Pittsburg a few days since. He says he has the documents to prove that he was born on January 16, 1766, and he knows it, because he was there.

—At the Unitarian church in Newport, Rhode Island, on Thanksgiving-day, the services were conducted by Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE. Her text was taken from the story of the Pharisee who thanked God that he was not as other men were. In her view, neither as a nation nor as individuals can Americans properly thank God after this fashion. We should rather, in view of His great gifts and mercies, feel ourselves overcome with penitence, like the publican, and cry, "God be merciful to America, a sinner."

—Mr. TENNYSON is again about to essay his talent for dramatic composition, a new drama from his pen, entitled *Harold*, being announced as nearly ready for publication by Messrs. HENRY S. KING & Co.

—Mr. SPURGEON is apt at illustration, as the following shows: "A raw countryman having brought his gun to the gunsmith for repairs, the latter, having examined it, said: 'Your gun is in a very worn-out, ruinous, good-for-nothing condition. What sort of repairing do you want for it?' 'Well,' said the man, 'I don't see as I can do with any thing less than a new stock, lock, and barrel. That ought to set it up again.' 'Why,' said the smith, 'you had better have a new gun altogether.' 'Ah,' was the reply, 'I never thought of that; and it strikes me that's just what I do want. A new stock, lock, and barrel—why, that's about equal to a new gun; and that's about what I will have.' Just the sort of repairing man's nature requires. The old nature cast aside as a complete wreck and good for nothing, and a new one imparted."

—Professor TYNDALL sets one thing at rest in the *Popular Science Monthly* for December. He states that long before the Christian era they had beer, though history has not preserved to us the name of the first brewer. "THEOPHRASTUS, who was born nearly four hundred years before Christ, describes beer as the wine of barley. It is extremely difficult to preserve beer in a hot climate; still, Egypt was the land in which it was first brewed, the desire of man to quench his thirst with this exhilarating beverage overcoming all the obstacles which a hot climate threw in the way of its manufacture." However TYNDALL and HUXLEY may theorize on the subject of development, it is quite clear that they do not maintain that beer was first invented by a being with a caudal termination.

—Speaking of the financial condition of the Earl of Beaconsfield, Mr. JENNINGS writes: "When I was in America I understood that the circumstances of his life since his wife's death were in danger of becoming imbittered through pecuniary troubles, but that is not so. I had forgotten the fact that an old lady in Wales, who had never seen him in her life, left him a large fortune some years ago. Moreover, he inherited from his father what he himself describes as a 'comfortable patrimony,' and his wife left him some money. Then he has his salary of £5000 a year, and he lives like a hermit. The truth is that he has always been better off than I formerly supposed or than is commonly believed, and is now in not the slightest danger of ever having to describe himself as a poor man."

—Dr. HENRY M. FIELD, of the *Evangelist*, speaks of the young King of Greece as a man of delightful modesty and frankness. He talks excellent English, and with the freedom and joyousness of a boy. The queen is famous for her beauty and the sweetness of her manners; the whole nation seems to be in love with her, she is so gentle and so good. The pair have four ruddy-cheeked children, who are always jumping about like squirrels in the royal carriage, so that the king says he has them fastened in with leather straps lest they should throw themselves overboard. The king likes America, and he seriously says that the chief revenue of Greece is derived from the plum-puddings of England and America, the currants of Corinth forming its principal article of export.

—Mr. AUGUSTINE G. DANBY, who died a few days since in Utica, at the age of eighty-one, was for twenty years postmaster of that city, and for many years editor and proprietor of the Utica *Observer*. He was a sagacious political manager, and throughout a long public career maintained not only a high character as a public man, but enjoyed an enviable social position. He was possessed of sufficient income to enjoy life according to his tastes, which were refined and cultivated, and to dispense bounty to those less fortunate. He was remarkable for the equanimity of his temper and for amiability, yet having withal great force of character and a courage that was never wanting when necessary. He was one of Utica's best and most useful citizens.

—Very Frenchy and amusing is this little anecdote of ALEXANDRE DUMAS: ALPHONSE KARR had just established himself at Nice, when DUMAS happened to be passing through that town, and was cordially invited to dinner by his old friend. Next day, accordingly, the author of the *Three Musketeers* presented himself at the time appointed, in company with twenty-two acquaintances whom he had picked up that morning in his walks abroad, and whom it seemed to him the most natural thing in the world to bring to dinner at his friend's house. A Russian princess was also of the party, and every thing went off as merrily as a marriage bell. At dessert the princess drew a diamond ring from her finger and begged DUMAS to write his name on her glass—a request to which the great novelist gallantly acceded. Then one after another of the twenty-two preferred the same petition, which was cheerfully granted, and each guest took away his glass in remembrance of the pleasant evening they had passed together. M. KARR looked on approvingly, but he may have been meditating at the same time over the cost of twenty-three handsome glasses, which had all been borrowed for the occasion.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The second session of the Forty-fourth Congress was opened on the 4th inst. Mr. Ferry presided over the Senate. The new Senators, Jerome B. Chaffee and Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, Samuel Price, of West Virginia, and James G. Blaine, of Maine, were sworn in. Senator Edmunds submitted a resolution instructing the Committee on Privileges and Elections to investigate the alleged intimidation of voters in the recent election in the Southern States, and also to inquire into the eligibility of the Presidential electors chosen. To be printed and lie on the table. Senator Ingalls introduced a joint resolution recommending a national convention to revise and amend the Constitution of the United States, with special reference to the machinery of elections. The House elected Mr. Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, Speaker, by a vote of 161, against 82 for Mr. James A. Garfield. The House, by a vote of 142 to 98, refused to seat Mr. Belford (Republican), of Colorado, until they could find if Colorado was a State in the Union. The Democrats also objected to seating Mr. Buttz (Republican), of South Carolina, and referred his case to the Committee on Elections. The oath was administered to Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, and also to the following new members: Mr. Warner, of Connecticut, Mr. Frye, of Maine, Mr. Humphrey, of Indiana, Mr. Carr, of Indiana, and Mr. Stanton, of Pennsylvania. On motion of Mr. Hewitt, of New York, three committees were appointed to investigate the recent election in Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida.—On the 5th, Senator Morton introduced the joint resolution, to amend the Constitution so as to permit the election of President and Vice-President by direct vote of the people, which was favorably reported at a previous session. A bill to establish the Territory of the Black Hills was introduced. Senator Edmunds's resolution of the previous day relating to the Southern elections was modified so as to include the election of 1874 in the investigation, and was passed by a vote of 48 to 11. In the House, Mr. Lawrence (Republican), of Ohio, asked leave to introduce a resolution designed to secure equal school privileges to white and colored children, but the Democrats objected. The President's Message was read, in both Houses, on the 5th.—In the Senate, on the 6th, the standing committees were announced. The principal changes are those caused by the resignation of Senator Morrill, of Maine, and the death of Senator Caperton, of West Virginia. Mr. Windom, of Minnesota, becomes the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, vice Secretary Morrill, and Mr. Blaine is made a member of this committee and also of the Committee on Naval Affairs, of which Secretary Morrill was likewise a member. Mr. Dawes is assigned to the place vacated by Mr. Morrill on the Indian Committee. Mr. Boutwell retires from the Committee on Commerce and from the special committee to examine the several branches of the civil service, Mr. Dawes taking his place on the former, and Mr. Harvey, of Kansas, succeeding him as chairman of the latter. Mr. Mitchell, of Oregon, is made chairman of the Committee on Transportation Routes to the Sea-board, vice Mr. Windom, who resigns it on account of now occupying another chairmanship, but still retains a place on the committee. Senator Price, of West Virginia, is assigned to Mr. Caperton's positions on the Claims, Railroad, and of Revision of the Laws committees. Mr. Chaffee is placed on the committees of Territories, Patents, and Mines and Mining, and Mr. Teller on Claims and Pensions. The Senate passed a resolution inquiring of the President if troops were stationed in Petersburg, Virginia, on election day, and if so, under what authority and for what purpose. The chair laid before the Senate a message from the President inclosing a report from Senator Sherman and others on affairs in Louisiana. The same message was presented to the House, and tabled. Senator Edmunds moved to take up the joint resolution proposing a constitutional amendment changing the method of counting the electoral vote. Mr. Merrimon objected under the joint rules, but the chair decided that these were not in force.—The Senate, on the 7th, ordered the Louisiana testimony to be printed, and a lengthy discussion took place on the Oregon electoral complications. Bills were introduced in both Houses relative to changes in electoral methods. The Democrats in caucus laid on the table the matter of the impeachment of the President.

The result of the canvass of the vote of Louisiana was declared by the Returning Board on the 5th. The Republican electoral ticket has a majority of over 4000; the Legislature is Republican in both branches, and of the Congressmen four are Republicans and two Democrats. On the same day the South Carolina Republican House, with the Senate, in joint session, counted the State vote, and declared Governor Chamberlain re-elected by over 3000 majority. Florida was declared for Hayes and Wheeler, on the 6th, by 930 majority.

Governor Chamberlain was inaugurated on the 7th.

The electoral vote was cast by all the colleges on the 6th. The Tilden candidates in South Carolina and Louisiana also met. In Oregon a Republican and a Democratic Electoral College met, the former casting three votes for Hayes, and the latter two for Hayes and one for Tilden. A Republican elector in South Carolina said he had been offered $10,000 to vote for Tilden, and another, in Louisiana, said he had been offered $100,000.

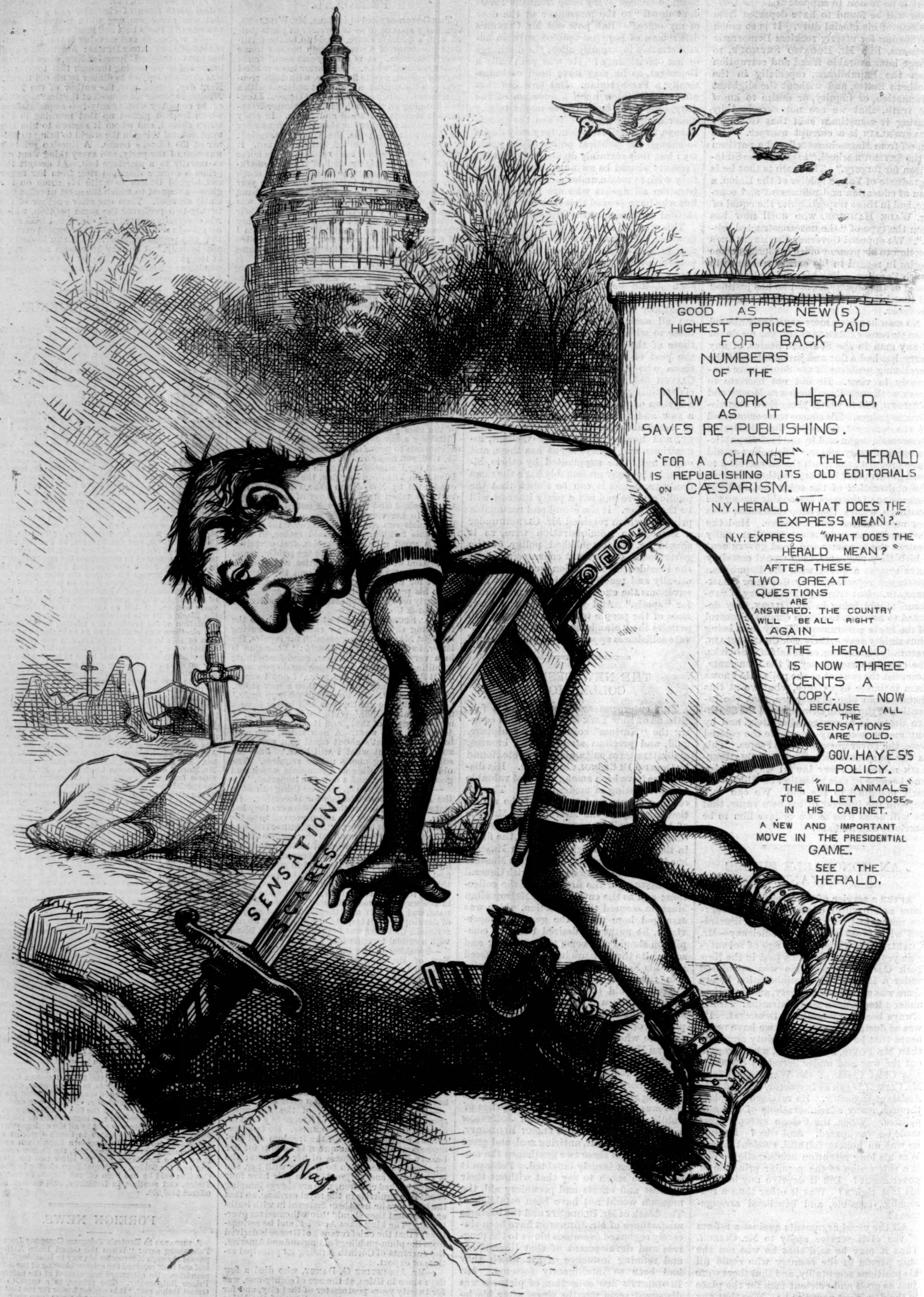
FOREIGN NEWS.

A DISPATCH to Reuter's Telegram Company from St. Petersburg says: "When the Grand Duke Nicholas passed through Moscow on his way to Kischineff, himself and staff received the solemn blessing of the Archimandrite. He afterward breakfasted at the palace of Prince Bolgorouky. The prince, in a toast to the Grand Duke, said, 'It is a great honor for me that the commander of the Russian army starts from my house to his deeds of arms.' The Grand Duke reached Kischineff on the 6th."

Owing to the defeat of the Amnesty Bill in the French Senate, on the 2d, the ministry resigned.

The Mexican revolution has triumphed. President Lerdo has fled from the capital, and Porfirio Diaz has proclaimed himself Provisional President.

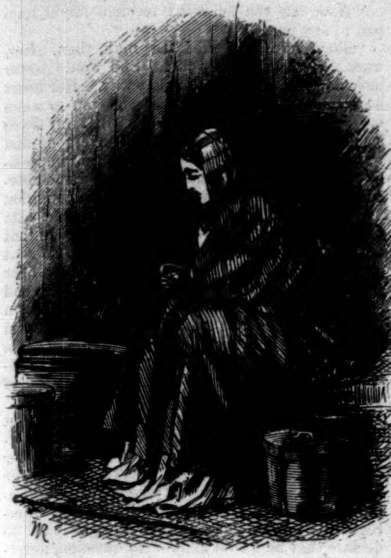
The British government has accepted the American interpretation of the extradition treaty.


GOOD AS NEW(S)
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR BACK NUMBERS OF THE NEW YORK HERALD, AS IT SAVES RE-PUBLISHING.
"FOR A CHANGE" THE HERALD IS REPUBLISHING ITS OLD EDITORIALS ON CÆSARISM.
N.Y. HERALD "WHAT DOES THE EXPRESS MEAN?"
N.Y. EXPRESS "WHAT DOES THE HERALD MEAN?"
AFTER THESE TWO GREAT QUESTIONS ARE ANSWERED. THE COUNTRY WILL BE ALL RIGHT AGAIN
THE HERALD IS NOW THREE CENTS A COPY. —NOW BECAUSE ALL THE SENSATIONS ARE OLD.
GOV. HAYES'S POLICY.
THE "WILD ANIMALS" TO BE LET LOOSE, IN HIS CABINET.
A NEW AND IMPORTANT MOVE IN THE PRESIDENTIAL GAME.
SEE THE HERALD.
SENSATIONS.
SCARES
Th. Nast

"CÆSAR, NOW BE STILL."

J. G. B., JUN., BRUTUS. "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords in our own proper entrails."—SHAKSPEARE.

"With the present Congress my official life terminates. It is not probable that public affairs will ever again receive attention from me further than as a citizen of the Republic, always taking a deep interest in the honor, integrity, and prosperity of the whole land."—U. S. GRANT.



WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

Christmas at Thompson Hall.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRIME MINISTER," "ORLEY FARM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. BROWN ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.

But her husband was not sleeping. He was not even in bed, as she had left him. She found him sitting there before the fire-place, on which one half-burned log still retained a spark of what had once pretended to be a fire. Nothing more wretched than his appearance could be imagined. There was a single lighted candle on the table, on which he was leaning with his two elbows, while his head rested between his hands. He had on a dressing-gown over his night-shirt, but otherwise was not clothed. He shivered audibly, or rather shook himself with the cold, and made the table to chatter, as she entered the room. Then he groaned, and let his head fall from his hands on to the table. It occurred to her at the moment, as she recognized the tone of his querulous voice and as she saw the form of his neck, that she must have been deaf and blind when she had mistaken that stalwart stranger for her husband. "Oh, my dear," she said, "why are you not in bed?" He answered nothing in words, but only groaned again. "Why did you get up? I left you warm and comfortable."

"Where have you been all night?" he half whispered, half croaked, with an agonizing effort.

"I have been looking for the mustard."

"Have been looking all night, and haven't found it? Where have you been?"

She refused to speak a word to him till she had got him into bed, and then she told her story. But, alas! that which she told was not the true story. As she was persuading him to go back to his rest, and while she arranged the clothes again around him, she with difficulty made up her mind as to what she would do and what she would say. Living or dying, he must be made to start for Thompson Hall at half past five on the next morning. It was no longer a question of the amenities of Christmas, no longer a mere desire to satisfy the family ambition of her own people, no longer an anxiety to see her new brother-in-law. She was conscious that there was in that house one whom she had deeply injured, and from whose vengeance—even from whose aspect—she must fly. How could she endure to see that face which she was so well sure that she would recognize, or to hear the slightest sound of that voice which would be quite familiar to her ears, though it had never spoken a word in her hearing? She must certainly fly on the wings of the earliest train which would carry her toward the old house; but in order that she might do so, she must propitiate her husband.

So she told her story. She had gone forth, as he had bade her, in search of the mustard, and then had suddenly lost her way. Up and down the house she had wandered, perhaps nearly a dozen times. "Had she met no one?" he asked, in that raspy, husky whisper. "Surely there must have been some one about the hotel! Nor was it possible that she could have been roaming about all those hours." "Only one hour, my dear," she said. Then there was a question about the duration of time, in which both of them waxed angry; and as she became angry, her husband waxed stronger, and as he became violent beneath the clothes, the comfortable idea returned to her that he was not perhaps so ill as he would seem to be. She found herself driven to tell him something about the porter, having to account for that lapse of time by explaining how she had driven the poor man to search for the handkerchief which she had never lost.

"Why did you not tell him you wanted the mustard?"

"My dear!"

"Why not? There is nothing to be ashamed of in wanting mustard."

"At one o'clock in the morning! I couldn't do it. To tell you the truth, he wasn't very civil, and I thought that he was—perhaps a little tipsy. Now, my dear, do go to sleep."

"Why didn't you get the mustard?"

"There was none there—nowhere at all about the room. I went down again and searched every where. That's what took me so long. They always lock up those kind of things at these French hotels. They are too close-fisted to leave any thing out. When you first spoke of it I knew that it would be gone when I got there. Now, my dear, do go to sleep, because we positively must start in the morning."

"That is impossible," said he, jumping up in the bed.

"We must go, my dear. I say that we must go. After all that has passed, I wouldn't not be with Uncle John and my cousin Robert to-morrow evening for more—more—more than I would venture to say."

"Bother!" he exclaimed.

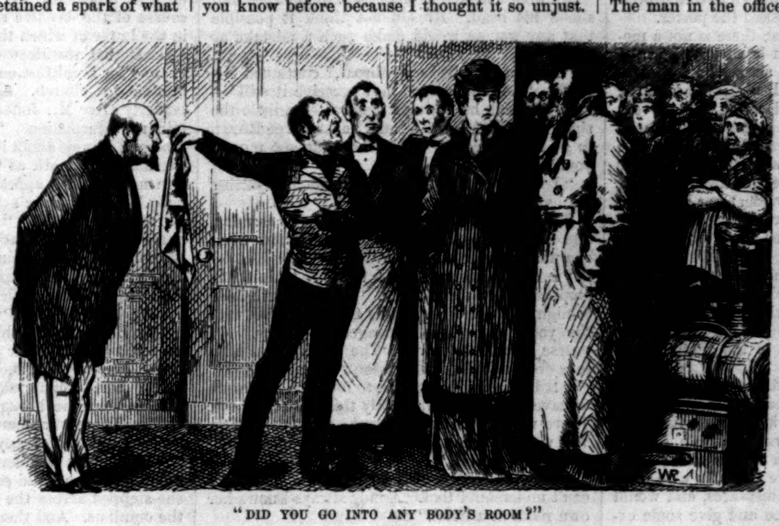
"It's all very well for you to say that, Charles, but you don't know. I say that we must go to-morrow, and we will."

"I do believe you want to kill me, Mary."

"That is very cruel, Charles, and most false, and most unjust. As for making you ill, nothing could be so bad for you as this wretched place, where nobody can get warm either day or night. If any thing will cure your throat for you at once, it will be the sea air. And only think how much more comfortable they can make you at Thompson Hall than any where in this country. I have so set my heart upon it, Charles, that I will do it. If we are not there to-morrow night, Uncle John won't consider us as belonging to the family."

"I don't believe a word of it."

"Jane told me so in her letter. I wouldn't let you know before because I thought it so unjust. But that has been the reason why I've been so earnest about it all through."



"DID YOU GO INTO ANY BODY'S ROOM?"

It was a thousand pities that so good a woman should have been driven by the sad stress of circumstances to tell so many fibs. One after another she was compelled to invent them, that there might be a way open to her of escaping the horrors of a prolonged sojourn in that hotel. At length, after much grumbling, he became silent, and she trusted that he was sleeping. He had not as yet said that he would start at the required hour in the morning, but she was perfectly determined in her own mind that he should be made to do so. As he lay there motionless, and as she wandered about the room pretending to pack her things, she more than once almost resolved that she would tell him every thing. Surely then he would be ready to make any effort. But there came upon her an idea that he might perhaps fail to see all the circumstances, and that, so failing, he would insist on remaining that he might tender some apology to the injured gentleman. An apology might have been very well had she not left him there in his misery; but what apology would be possible now? She would have to see him and speak to him, and every one in the hotel would know every detail of the story. Every one in France would know that it was she who had gone to the strange man's bedside and put the mustard plaster on the strange man's throat in the dead of night! She could not tell the story even to her husband, lest even her husband should betray her.

Her own sufferings at the present moment were not light. In her perturbation of mind she had foolishly resolved that she would not herself go to bed. The tragedy of the night had seemed to her too deep for personal comfort. And then how would it be were she to sleep, and have no one to call her? It was imperative that she should have all her powers ready for thoroughly arousing him. It occurred to her that the servant of the hotel would certainly run her too short of time. She had to work for herself and for him too, and therefore she would not sleep. But she was very cold, and she put on first a shawl over her dressing-gown and then a cloak. She could not consume all the remaining hours of the night in packing one bag and one portmanteau, so that at last she sat down on the narrow red cotton velvet sofa, and, looking at her watch, perceived that as yet it was not much past two o'clock. How was she to get through those other three long, tedious, chilly hours?

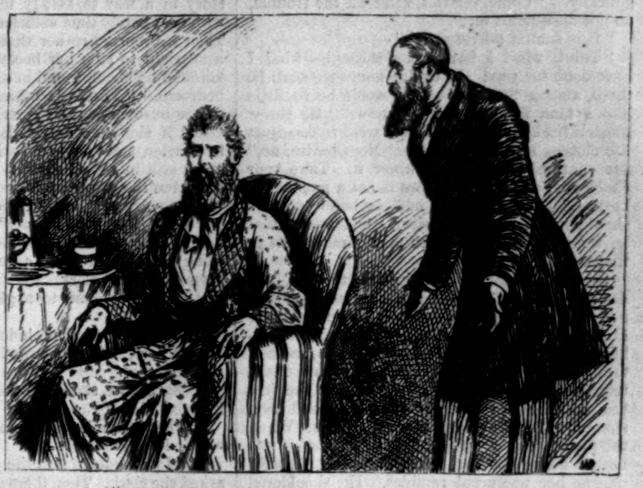
Then there came a voice from the bed—"Ain't you coming?"

"I hoped you were asleep, my dear."

"I haven't been asleep at all. You'd better come, if you don't mean to make yourself as ill as I am."

"You are not so very bad, are you, darling?"

"I don't know what you call bad. I never felt my throat so choked in my life before." Still as she listened she thought that she remembered his throat to have been more choked. If the husband of her bosom could play with her feelings and deceive her on such an occasion as this—then—then—then she thought that she would rather not have any husband of her bosom at all. But she did creep into bed, and lay down beside him without saying another word.



"THIS HAS BEEN A VERY DISAGREEABLE ACCIDENT."

Of course she slept, but her sleep was not the sleep of the blest. At every striking of the clock in the quadrangle she would start up in alarm, fearing that she had let the time go by. Though the night was so short, it was very long to her. But he slept like an infant. She could hear from his breathing that he was not quite so well as she could wish him to be, but still he was resting in beautiful tranquillity. Not once did he move when she started up, as she did so frequently. Orders had been given and repeated over and over again that they should be called at five. The man in the office had almost been angry as he assured Mrs. Brown for the fourth time that monsieur and madame would most assuredly be wakened at the appointed time. But still, she would trust to no one, and was up and about the room before the clock had struck half past four.

In her heart of hearts she was very tender toward her husband. Now, in order that he might feel a gleam of warmth while he was dressing himself, she collected together the fragments of half-burned wood, and endeavored to make a little fire. Then she took out from her bag a small pot and a patent lamp and some chocolate, and prepared for him a warm drink, so that he might have it instantly as he was awakened. She would do any thing for him in the way of ministering to his comfort—only he must go! Yes, he certainly must go!

And then she wondered how that strange man was bearing himself at the present moment. She would fain have ministered to him too had it been possible; but ah! it was so impossible! Probably before this he would have been aroused from his troubled slumbers. But then—how aroused? At what time in the night would the burning heat upon his chest have awakened him to a sense of torture which must have been so altogether incomprehensible to him? Her strong imagination showed to her a clear picture of the scene—clear, though it must have been done in the dark. How he must have tossed and hurled himself under the clothes! how those strong knees must have worked themselves up and down before the potent god of sleep would allow him to return to perfect consciousness! how his fingers, restrained by no reason, would have trampled over his feverish throat, scattering every where that unhappy poultice! Then when he should have sat up wide awake, but still in the dark—with her mind's eye she saw it all—feeling that some fire as from the infernal regions had fallen upon him, but whence he would know not, how fiercely wild would be the working of his spirit! Ah, now she knew, now she felt, now she acknowledged, how bound she had been to awaken him at the moment, whatever might have been the personal inconvenience to herself! In such a position what would he do—or rather what had he done? She could follow much of it in her own thoughts: how he would scramble madly from his bed, and, with one hand still on his throat, would snatch hurriedly at the matches with the other. How the light would come, and how then he would rush to the mirror. Ah, what a sight he would behold! She could see it all to the last wide-spread daub.

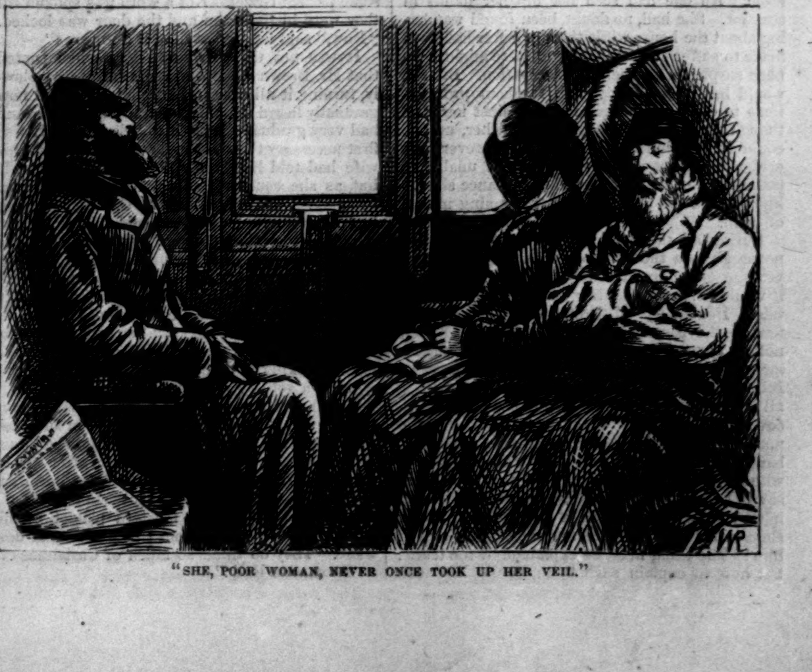
But she could not see, she could not tell herself, what in such a position a man would do; at any rate, not what that man would do. Her husband, she thought, would tell his wife, and then the two of them, between them, would—put up with it.

There are misfortunes which, if they be published, are simply aggravated by ridicule. But she remembered the features of the stranger as she had seen them at that instant in which she had dropped his beard, and she thought that there was a ferocity in them, a certain tenacity of self-importance, which would not permit their owner to endure such treatment in silence. Would he not storm and rage, and ring the bell, and call all Paris to witness his revenge?

But the storming and the raging had not reached her yet, and now it wanted but a quarter to five. In three-quarters of an hour they would be in that demi-omnibus which they had ordered for themselves, and in half an hour after that they would be flying toward Thompson Hall. Then she allowed herself to think of those coming comforts—of those comforts so sweet, if only they would come! That very day now present to her was the 24th December, and on that very evening she would be sitting in Christmas joy among all her uncles and cousins, holding her new brother-in-law affectionately by the hand. Oh, what a change from Pandemonium to Paradise! from that wretched room, from that miserable house in which there was such ample cause for fear, to all the domestic Christmas bliss of the home of the Thompsons! She resolved that she would not, at any rate, be deterred by any light opposition on the part of her husband. "It wants just a quarter to five," she said, putting her hand steadily upon his shoulder, "and I'll get a cup of chocolate for you, so that you may get up comfortably."

"I've been thinking about it," he said, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hands. "It will be so much better to go over by the mail-train to-night. We should be in time for Christmas just the same."

"That will not do at all," she answered, ener-



"SHE, POOR WOMAN, NEVER ONCE TOOK UP HER VEIL."

getically. "Come, Charles, after all the trouble, do not disappoint me."

"It is such a horrid grind."

"Think what I have gone through—what I have done for you! In twelve hours we shall be there, among them all. You won't be so little like a man as not to go on now." He threw himself back upon the bed, and tried to re-adjust the clothes round his neck. "No, Charles, no," she continued; "not if I know it. Take your chocolate and get up. There is not a moment to be lost." With that she laid her hand upon his shoulder, and made him clearly understand that he would not be allowed to take further rest in that bed.

Grumbling, sulky, coughing continually, and declaring that life under such circumstances was not worth having, he did at last get up and dress himself. When once she knew that he was obeying her, she became again tender to him, and certainly took much more than her own share of the trouble of the proceedings. Long before the time was up she was ready, and the porter had been summoned to take the luggage down stairs. When the man came, she was rejoiced to see that it was not he whom she had met among the passages during her nocturnal rambles. He shouldered the box, and told them that they would find coffee and bread and butter in the small *salle à manger* below.

"I told you that it would be so, when you would boil that stuff," said the ungrateful man, who had nevertheless swallowed the hot chocolate when it was given to him.

They followed their luggage down into the hall; but as she went, at every step, the lady looked around her. She dreaded the sight of that porter of the night; she feared lest some potential authority of the hotel should come to her and ask her some horrid question; but of all her fears her greatest fear was that there should arise before her an apparition of that face which she had seen recumbent on its pillow.

As they passed the door of the great salon, Mr. Brown looked in. "Why, there it is still!" said he.

"What?" said she, trembling in every limb.

"The mustard pot."

"They have put it in there since," she exclaimed, energetically, in her despair. "But never mind. The omnibus is here. Come away." And she absolutely took him by the arm.

But at that moment a door behind them opened, and Mrs. Brown heard herself called by her name. And there was the night-porter—with a handkerchief in his hand. But the further doings of that morning must be told in a further chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. BROWN DOES ESCAPE.

It had been visible to Mrs. Brown from the first moment of her arrival on the ground-floor that "something was the matter," if we may be allowed to use such a phrase; and she felt all but convinced that this something had reference to her. She fancied that the people of the hotel were looking at her as she swallowed, or tried to swallow, her coffee. When her husband was paying the bill there was something disagreeable in the eye of the man who was taking the money. Her sufferings were very great, and no one sympathized with her. Her husband was quite at his ease, except that he was complaining of the cold. When she was anxious to get him out into the carriage, he still stood there leisurely, arranging shawl after shawl around his throat. "You can do that quite as well in the omnibus," she had just said to him, very crossly, when there appeared upon the scene through a side door that very night-porter whom she dreaded, with a soiled pocket-handkerchief in his hand.

Even before the sound of her own name met her ears, Mrs. Brown knew it all. She understood the full horror of her position from that man's hostile face, and from the little article which he held in his hand. If during the watches of the night she had had money in her pocket, if she had made a friend of this greedy fellow by well-timed liberality, all might have been so different! But she reflected that she had allowed him to go unfeed after all his trouble, and she knew that he was her enemy. It was the handkerchief that she feared. She thought that she might have blazoned out any thing but that. No one had seen her enter or leave that strange man's room. No one had seen her dip her hands in that jar. She had, no doubt, been found wandering about the house while the slumberer had been made to suffer so strangely, and there might have been suspicion, and perhaps accusation. But she would have been ready with frequent protestations to deny all charges made against her, and though no one might have believed her, no one could have convicted her. Here, however, was evidence against which she would be unable to stand for a moment. At the first glance she acknowledged the potency of that damning morsel of linen.

During all the horrors of the night she had never given a thought to the handkerchief, and yet she ought to have known that the evidence it would bring against her was palpable and certain. Her name, "M. Brown," was plainly written on the corner. What a fool she had been not to have thought of this! Had she but remembered the plain marking which she, as a careful, well-conducted British matron, had put upon all her clothes, she would at any hazard have recovered the article. O that she had waked the man, or bribed the porter, or even told her husband! But now she was, as it were, friendless, without support, without a word that she could say in her own defense, convicted of having committed this assault upon a strange man as he slept in his own bedroom, and then of having left him! The thing must be explained by the truth; but how to explain such truth, how to tell such story in a way to satisfy injured folk, and she with only barely time sufficient to catch the train! Then it occurred to her that they could have no legal right to stop her because the pocket-handkerchief had been found in a strange gentleman's bedroom. "Yes, it is mine," she said, turning to her husband, as the porter, with a loud voice, asked if she were not Madame Brown. "Take it, Charles, and come on." Mr. Brown naturally stood still in astonishment. He did put out his hand, but the porter would not allow the evidence to pass so readily out of his custody.

"What does it all mean?" asked Mr. Brown.

"A gentleman has been—eh—eh— Something has been done to a gentleman in his bedroom," said the clerk.

"Something done to a gentleman!" repeated Mr. Brown.

"Something very bad indeed," said the porter. "Look here," and he showed the condition of the handkerchief.

"Charles, we shall lose the train," said the affrighted wife.

"What the mischief does it all mean?" demanded the husband.

"Did madame go into the gentleman's room?" asked the clerk. Then there was an awful silence, and all eyes were fixed upon the lady.

"What does it all mean?" demanded the husband. "Did you go into any body's room?"

"I did," said Mrs. Brown, with much dignity, looking round upon her enemies as a stag at bay will look upon the hounds which are attacking him. "Give me the handkerchief." But the night-porter quickly put it behind his back. "Charles, we can not allow ourselves to be delayed. You shall write a letter to the keeper of the hotel explaining it all." Then she essayed to swim out through the front-door into the court-yard, in which the vehicle was waiting for them. But three or four men and women interposed themselves, and even her husband did not seem quite ready to continue his journey. "To-night is Christmas-eve," said Mrs. Brown, "and we shall not be at Thompson Hall. Think of my sister!"

"Why did you go into the man's bedroom, my dear?" whispered Mr. Brown in English.

But the porter heard the whisper, and understood the language—the porter who had not been "tipped." "Ye'es—vy?" asked the porter.

"It was a mistake, Charles; there is not a moment to lose. I can explain it all to you in the carriage." Then the clerk suggested that madame had better postpone her journey a little. The gentleman up stairs had certainly been very badly treated, and had demanded to know why so great an outrage had been perpetrated. The clerk said that he did not wish to send for the police (here Mrs. Brown gasped terribly, and threw herself on her husband's shoulder), but he did not think he could allow the party to go till the gentleman up stairs had received some satisfaction. It had now become clearly impossible that the journey could be made by the early train. Even Mrs. Brown gave it up herself, and demanded of her husband that she should be taken back to her bedroom.

"But what is to be said to the gentleman?" asked the porter.

Of course it was impossible that Mrs. Brown should be made to tell her story there in the presence of them all. The clerk, when he found he had succeeded in preventing her from leaving the house, was satisfied with a promise from Mr. Brown that he would inquire from his wife what were these mysterious circumstances, and would then come down to the office and give some explanation. If it were necessary, he would see the strange gentleman—whom he now ascertained to be a certain Mr. Jones, returning from the east of Europe. He learned also that this Mr. Jones had been most anxious to travel by that very morning train which he and his wife had intended to use, that Mr. Jones had been most particular in giving his orders accordingly, but that at the last moment he had declared himself to be unable even to dress himself, because of the injury which had been done him during the night. When Mr. Brown heard this from the clerk just before he was allowed to take his wife up stairs, while she was sitting on a sofa in a corner with her face hidden, a look of awful gloom came over his own countenance. What could it be that his wife had done to the man, of so terrible a nature? "You had better come up with me," he said to her, with marital severity; and the poor cowed woman went with him tamely as might have done some patient Grizel. Not a word was spoken till they were in the room and the door was locked. "Now," said he, "what does it all mean?"

It was not till nearly two hours had passed that Mr. Brown came down the stairs very slowly, turning it all over in his mind. He had now gradually heard the absolute and exact truth, and had very gradually learned to believe it. It was first necessary that he should understand that his wife had told him many fibs during the night; but, as she constantly alleged to him, when he complained of her conduct in this respect, they had all been told on his behalf. Had she not struggled to get the mustard for his comfort, and when she had secured the prize had she not hurried to put it on—as she had fondly thought—his throat? And though she had fibbed to him afterward, had she not done so in order that he might not be troubled? "You are not angry with me because I was in that man's room?" she asked, looking full into his eyes, but not quite without a sob. He paused a moment, and then declared, with something of a true husband's confidence in his tone, that he was not in the least angry with her on that account. Then she kissed him, and bade him remember that, after all, no one could really injure them. "What harm has been done, Charles? The gentleman won't die because he has had a mustard plaster on his throat. The worst is about Uncle John and dear Jane. They do think so much of Christmas-eve at Thompson Hall!"

Mr. Brown, when he again found himself in the clerk's office, requested that his card might be taken up to Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones had sent down his own card, which was handed to Mr. Brown: "Mr. Barnaby Jones." "And how was it all, Sir?" asked the clerk, in a whisper—a whisper which had at the same time something of authoritative demand and something also of submissive respect. The clerk, of course, was anxious to know the mystery. It is hardly too much to say that every one in that vast hotel was by this time anxious to have the mystery unraveled. But Mr. Brown would tell nothing to any one. "It is merely a matter to be explained between me and Mr. Jones," he said. The card was taken up stairs, and after a while he was ushered into Mr. Jones's room. It was, of course, that very 353 with which the reader is already acquainted. There was a fire burning, and the remains of Mr. Jones's breakfast were on the table. He was sitting in his dressing-gown and slippers, with his shirt open in the front, and a silk handkerchief very loosely covering his throat. Mr. Brown, as he entered the room, of course looked with considerable anxiety at the gentleman of whose condition he had heard so sad an account; but he could only observe some considerable stiffness of movement and demeanor as Mr. Jones turned his head round to greet him.

"This has been a very disagreeable accident, Mr. Jones," said the husband of the lady.

"Accident! I don't know how it could have been an accident. It has been a most—most—most—a most monstrous—er—er—I must say, interference with a gentleman's privacy and personal comfort."

"Quite so, Mr. Jones, but—on the part of the lady, who is my wife—"

"So I understand. I myself am about to become a married man, and I can understand what your feelings must be. I wish to say as little as possible to harrow them." Here Mr. Brown bowed. "But—there's the fact. She did do it."

"She thought it was—me!"

"What!"

"I give you my word as a gentleman, Mr. Jones. When she was putting that mess upon you, she thought it was me! She did indeed."

Mr. Jones looked at his new acquaintance and shook his head. He did not think it possible that any woman would make such a mistake as that.

"I had a very bad sore throat," continued Mr. Brown, "and indeed you may perceive it still"—in saying this he perhaps aggravated a little the sign of his distemper—"and I asked Mrs. Brown to go down and get one—just what she put on you."

"I wish you'd had it," said Mr. Jones, putting his hand up to his neck.

"I wish I had, for your sake as well as mine, and for hers, poor woman. I don't know when she will get over the shock."

"I don't know when I shall. And it has stopped me on my journey. I was to have been to-night, this very night, this Christmas-eve, with the young lady I am engaged to marry. Of course I couldn't travel. The extent of the injury done nobody can imagine at present."

"It has been just as bad to me, Sir. We were to have been with our family this Christmas-eve. There were particular reasons—most particular. We were only hindered from going by hearing of your condition."

"Why did she come into my room at all? I can't understand that. A lady always knows her own room at a hotel."

"353—that's yours; 333—that's ours. Don't you see how easy it was? She had lost her way, and she was a little afraid lest the thing should fall down."

"I wish it had, with all my heart."

"That's how it was. Now I'm sure, Mr. Jones, you'll take a lady's apology. It was a most unfortunate mistake—most unfortunate; but what more can be said?"

Mr. Jones gave himself up to reflection for a few moments before he replied to this. He supposed that he was bound to believe the story as far as it went. At any rate, he did not know how he could say that he did not believe it. It seemed to him to be almost incredible, especially incredible in regard to that personal mistake, for, except that they both had long beards and brown beards, Mr. Jones thought that there was no point of resemblance between himself and Mr. Brown. But still, even that, he felt, must be accepted. But then why had he been left, deserted, to undergo all those torments? "She found out her mistake at last, I suppose?" he said.

"Oh yes."

"Why didn't she wake a fellow and take it off again?"

"Ah!"

"She can't have cared very much for a man's comfort, when she went away and left him like that."

"Ah! there was the difficulty, Mr. Jones."

"Difficulty! Who was it that had done it? To come to me in my bedroom in the middle of the night and put that thing on me, and then leave it there and say nothing about it! It seems to me deuced like a practical joke."

"No, Mr. Jones."

"That's the way I look at it," said Mr. Jones, plucking up his courage.

"There isn't a woman in all England or in all France less likely to do such a thing than my wife. She's as steady as a rock, Mr. Jones, and would no more go into another gentleman's bedroom in joke than— Oh dear no! You're going to be a married man yourself."

"Unless all this makes a difference," said Mr. Jones, almost in tears. "I had sworn that I would be with her this Christmas-eve."

"Oh, Mr. Jones, I can not believe that will interfere with your happiness. How could you think that your wife, as is to be, would do such a thing as that in joke?"

"She wouldn't do it at all, joke or any way."

"How can you tell what accident might happen to any one?"

"She'd have wakened the man, then, afterward. I'm sure she would. She would never have left him to suffer in that way. Her heart is too soft. Why didn't she send you to wake me and explain it all? That's what my Jane would have done; and I should have gone and wakened him. But the whole thing is impossible," he said, shaking his head as he remembered that he and his Jane were not in a condition as yet to undergo any such mutual trouble. At last Mr. Jones was brought to acknowledge that nothing more could be done. The lady had sent her apology and told her story, and he must bear the trouble and inconvenience to which she had subjected him. He still, however, had his own opinion about her conduct generally, and could not be brought to give any sign of amity. He simply bowed when Mr. Brown was hoping to induce him to shake hands, and sent no word of pardon to the great offender.

The matter, however, was so far concluded that there was no further question of police interference, nor any doubt but that the lady, with her husband, was to be allowed to leave Paris by the night train. The nature of the accident probably became known to all. Mr. Brown was interrogated by many, and though he professed to declare that he would answer no question, nevertheless he found it better to tell the clerk something of the truth than to allow the matter to be shrouded in mystery. It is to be feared that Mr. Jones, who did not once show himself through the day, but who employed the hours in endeavoring to assuage the injury done him, still lived in the conviction that the lady had played a practical joke on him. But the subject of such a joke never talks about it, and Mr. Jones could not be induced to speak even by the friendly adherence of the night-porter.

Mrs. Brown also clung to the seclusion of her own bedroom, never once stirring from it till the time came in which she was to be taken down to the omnibus. Up stairs she ate her meals, and up stairs she passed her time in packing and unpacking, and in requesting that telegrams might be sent repeatedly to Thompson Hall. In the course of the day two such telegrams were sent, in the latter of which the Thompson family were assured that the Browns would arrive probably in time for breakfast on Christmas-day, certainly in time for church. She asked more than once tenderly after Mr. Jones's welfare, but could obtain no information. "He was very cross, and that's all I know about it," said Mr. Brown. Then she made a remark as to the gentleman's Christian name, which appeared on the card as "Barnaby." "My sister's husband's name will be Barnaby," she said. "And this man's Christian name is Barnaby; that's all the difference," said her husband, with ill-timed jocularity.

We all know how people under a cloud are apt to fail in asserting their personal dignity. On the former day a separate vehicle had been ordered by Mr. Brown to take himself and his wife to the station, but now, after his misfortunes, he contented himself with such provision as the people at the hotel might make for him. At the appointed hour he brought his wife down, thickly veiled. There were many strangers, as she passed through the hall, ready to look at the lady who had done that wonderful thing in the dead of night, but none could see a feature of her face as she stepped across the hall and was hurried into the omnibus. And there were many eyes also on Mr. Jones, who followed her very quickly, for he also, in spite of his sufferings, was leaving Paris on the evening in order that he might be with his English friends on Christmas-day. He, as he went through the crowd, assumed an air of great dignity, to which, perhaps, something was added by his endeavors as he walked to save his poor throat from irritation. He, too, got into the same omnibus, stumbling over the feet of his enemy in the dark. At the station they got their tickets, one close after the other, and then were brought into each other's presence in the waiting-room. I think it must be acknowledged that here Mr. Jones was conscious not only of her presence, but of her consciousness of his presence, and that he assumed an attitude as though he should have said, "Now do you think it possible for me to believe that you mistook me for your husband?" She was perfectly quiet, but sat through that quarter of an hour with her face continually veiled. Mr. Brown made some little overture of conversation to Mr. Jones, but Mr. Jones, though he did mutter some reply, showed plainly enough that he had no desire for further intercourse. Then came the accustomed stampede, the awful rush, the internecine struggle in which seats had to be found. Seats, I fancy, are regularly found, even by the most tardy, but it always appears that every British father and every British husband is actuated at these stormy moments by a conviction that unless he proves himself a very Hercules he and his daughters and his wife will be left desolate in Paris. Mr. Brown was quite Herculean, carrying two bags and a hat-box in his own hands, besides the cloaks, the coats, the rugs, the sticks, and the umbrellas. But when he had got himself and his wife well seated, with their faces to the engine, with a corner seat for her—there was Mr. Jones immediately opposite to her. Mr. Jones, as soon as he perceived the inconvenience of his position, made a scramble for another place, but he was too late. In that contiguity the journey as far as Calais had to be made. She, poor woman, never once took up her veil. There he sat, without closing an eye, stiff as a ramrod, sometimes showing by little uneasy gestures that the trouble at his neck was still there, but never speaking a word, and hardly moving a limb.

Crossing from Calais to Dover the lady was, of course, separated from her victim. The passage was very bad, and she more than once reminded her husband how well it would have been with them now had they pursued their journey as she had intended—as though they had been detained in Paris by his fault! Mr. Jones, as he laid himself down on his back, gave himself up to wondering whether any man before him had ever been made subject to such absolute injustice. Now and again he put his hand up to his own beard, and began to doubt whether it could have been moved, as it must have been moved, without waking him. What if chloroform had been used? Many such suspicions crossed his mind during the misery of that passage.

They were again together in the same railway carriage from Dover to London. They had now got used to the close neighborhood, and knew how to endure each the presence of the other. But as yet Mr. Jones had never seen the lady's face. He longed to know what were the features of the woman who had been so blind—if indeed that story were true. Or if it were not true, of what like was the woman who would dare in the middle of the night to play such a trick as that. But still she kept her veil close over her face.

From Cannon Street the Browns took their departure in a cab for the Liverpool Street Station, whence they would be conveyed by the Eastern Counties Railway to Stratford. Now, at any rate, their troubles were over. They would be in ample time not only for Christmas-day church, but for Christmas-day breakfast. "It will be just the same as getting in there last night," said Mr. Brown, as he walked across the platform to place his wife in the carriage for Stratford. She entered it the first, and as she did so, there she saw Mr. Jones seated in the corner! Hitherto she had borne his presence well, but now she could not restrain herself from a little start and a little scream. He bowed his head very slightly, as though acknowledging the compliment, and then down she dropped her veil. When they arrived at Stratford, the journey being over in a quarter of an hour, Jones was out of the carriage even before the Browns.

"There is Uncle John's carriage," said Mrs. Brown, thinking that now, at any rate, she would be able to free herself from the presence of this terrible stranger. No doubt he was a handsome man to look at, but on no face so sternly hostile had she ever before fixed her eyes. She did not, perhaps, reflect that the owner of no other face had ever been so deeply injured by herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "A Strange World," "Dead Men's Shoes," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

Ten o'clock struck with sweet and solemn chime from the old square tower of the parish church as Gilbert Sinclair opened the lattice and stood by the open window of his dressing-room waiting. There was not a leaf stirring in the garden, not a shadow save the motionless shadows of the trees. No light in the windows of the balcony room. The stars brightened in the clear gray, and in the soft twilight of summer all things were dimly defined—not dark, but shadowy.

The quarter chimed from the church tower behind the trees yonder, and still there was no movement in the garden. Gilbert stood motionless, his watch divided between the old Dutch garden with its geometrical flower beds and stone sun-dial, and the windows of the balcony room. As the sound of the church clock dwindled slowly into silence a light appeared in the centre window, a candle held in a woman's hand, and raised above her head. Gilbert could but faintly distinguish the dark figure in the feeble glimmer of that single candle before figure and light vanished.

A signal, evidently, for a minute later a man's figure appeared from the angle of the hedge, where it had been hidden in shadow. A man—tall, strongly built—yes, just the figure that patient watcher expected—stepped lightly across the garden, carefully keeping to the narrow gravel-paths, leaving no tell-tale foot-print on flower bed or box border. He reached the iron stair, mounted it swiftly, had his foot on the balcony, when Gilbert Sinclair fired, with the unerring aim of a practiced sportsman and the firm hand of a man who has made up his mind for the worst.

The figure reeled, swayed for a moment on the topmost step, and then rolled backward down the light iron stair, shaking it with the force of the fall, and sank in a heap on the gravel-path below.

Gilbert waited, expecting to be thrilled by a woman's piercing shriek, the despairing cry of a guilty soul; but no such cry came. All was darkness in the balcony room. He fancied he saw a figure approach the window and look out, but whatever that shape was it vanished before he could verify his doubts.

He went over to the chimney-piece and put away his gun as coolly as if the purpose for which he had just used it were the most ordinary business of daily life; but this mechanical tranquillity had very little significance. It was rather the stolidity of a sleep-walker than the calmness of a mind that realizes the weight and measure of its acts. He went back to the window. There lay the figure, huddled in a formless heap as it had fallen, hideously foreshortened from Gilbert's point of sight. The open hands clutched the loose gravel. No sound, no light yet in the balcony room.

"She does not know what has happened," said Gilbert, grimly. "I had better go and tell her."

He unlocked his door and went out in the corridor. His wife's bedroom opened out of the balcony room. The child slept in a smaller room adjoining that. He went into the balcony room and found it empty, then opened the bedroom door and paused on the threshold, looking in.

Impossible to imagine a more peaceful picture than that which met the husband's eyes. A night-lamp shed a faint light over the white-curtained bed, an open book and an extinguished candle on a little table by the bedside showed that Constance had read herself to sleep. The door of the inner room stood half open, and Gilbert could see the little white crib, and the sleeping child. The mother's face was hardly less placid in its repose than the child's.

Gilbert Sinclair felt as if this world and this life were one inextricable confusion. The anonymous letter had told him where and when to watch—and the writer of that letter had kept faith with him so far, since he had not watched in vain—but this spectacle of innocent repose, the mother sleeping near the child, was hardly in keeping. Gilbert paused irresolute, and then went to his wife's bedside and roused her roughly with his strong hand upon her arm.

The dark blue eyes opened suddenly and looked at him full of bewilderment.

"Gilbert! Back to-night? I didn't expect you. Why do you look at me like that? What has happened?"

"Can't you guess? You didn't expect me. You had made your plans accordingly. You had made an appointment with your lover."

"Gilbert, are you mad?"

"He has not disappointed you—he is here. Get up and come and see him. Quick. He is waiting."

"Gilbert, what have you been doing? where have you been? Calm yourself, for Heaven's sake."

She had risen and put on her slippers and dressing-gown, scared by her husband's look and the words, not knowing whether to think him mad or drunk—recalling with a shudder that other scene in the summer-house, and expecting some new violence. He would kill her, perhaps. She trembled a little, believing herself in the power of a madman, but tried to be calm.

"Come," he said, grasping her wrist, "I am too much a gentleman to let your lover wait yonder—on the threshold of his own house too. Strange that he should try to sneak in like a burglar, when he will be master here in a few days."

He dragged her into the next room, and to the balcony.

"Pray don't be so violent, Gilbert. I will come any where you please," she said, gravely.

From the balcony she saw that prostrate figure at the foot of the stairs, and gave a faint cry of horror.

"Gilbert, what have you done?"

"My duty as a man. I should loathe myself if I had done less."

She followed him down the steps, trembling in every limb, and clung to him as he knelt by the motionless figure, and turned the face upward to the faint light of a new risen moon.

A very familiar face, but not the one Gilbert Sinclair expected to see. The face of his ally, James Wyatt, gray with the dull gray of death, but not distorted. A mean, false face in life or death; but death brought out the dominant expression a little more forcibly than life had done.

"Gilbert, what have you done?" repeated Constance, sobbing hysterically.

"Murder," answered her husband, with a stolid despair. "I hated this fellow badly enough, but I didn't mean to kill him. I meant to kill Sir Cyprian Davenant, with whom you had made an appointment to-night, counting on my absence."

"Gilbert, what have I ever done that you should think me the vilest of women? I have never wronged you by one thought about Cyprian Davenant which you might not know, I have never spoken a word to him which you might not hear—you and all the world. Your jealousy of him has been madness from first to last, and now it has ended in murder."

"I have been trapped somehow. Some enemy has set a snare for me."

"What are you to do? Oh, Gilbert, is he dead?"

"Yes; the swan shot finished him. I aimed under his shoulder, where I knew it would be fatal. What am I to do?—cut and run, I suppose."

"Yes, go, go; it is your only chance. No one knows yet. Go, for God's sake, this moment."

"And leave you with a corpse on the premises?—rather cowardly that."

"Don't think of me—it is life or death for you. You must go, Gilbert. There is no help. Go, or you will be taken and tried and hanged," cried Constance, clinging to the iron rail, trembling, very cold, the ground reeling under her feet.

"Yes, that's the natural sequence. Fool, fool, fool! An anonymous scribbler. What can have brought him here, and to the windows of your room? Constance, what does it mean? Do you know why this man came?"

But Constance could not answer him. She had fallen, fainting, on the iron stair.

Gilbert carried her back to her room, and laid her on her bed. She would come to her senses soon enough, no doubt, poor wretch, he thought, hopelessly. He hurried back to his victim, intent upon finding some clew to Wyatt's presence in that place to-night. He ransacked the dead man's pockets, took out a bundle of letters, put them in his breast pocket, and left the garden by the little gate in the holly hedge. The church clock chimed the half hour as he entered the park. It seemed to him as if that last quarter of an hour had been half a lifetime. Now for the first time he drew breath, and began to think what he ought to do. Cut and run; yes, as his wife said, that was about his only chance.

He stopped for a minute among the shadows of the tall old elms, gaunt, ragged old trunks from which wintry blasts and summer storms had swept many a limb, stopped to "pull himself together," in his own phraseology, and settle what he should do.

There was an up train—the last—due at the little station yonder at ten minutes before eleven. If he could catch that and sleep at his old hotel—the place where he was known—and his rooms taken for to-night? He would have to run for it, but it might be done; and there was an *alibi* established at once, provided no one saw him at the station.

He reached the rough little by-road leading to the station breathless, as the bell rang. He did not go into the station, where the porters might have recognized him, but scrambled up the embankment upon which the station-master grew his potatoes and strawberry plants, and was on the platform, at the end furthest from the waiting-room and ticket office, as the train came in. It was full of market people, soldiers or militia, noisy excursionists. He opened a crowded third-class carriage with his key and got in among the rabble. A sergeant in an advanced state of beer was inclined to resent the intrusion, a woman with a baby seconded the sergeant. The atmosphere was cloudy with the reek of bad tobacco. Not much chance of recognition here.

He had his season ticket, but did not care to show it. The train had only come from Maidstone. He thought it safer to pay his fare through at the station where tickets were examined.

It was not quite midnight when Mr. Sinclair drove up to his hotel—a small house in St. James's, chiefly affected by men about town.

"Room ready, James? Yes, of course it is. You got my telegram yesterday. Been dining with some fellows. You can bring me a brandy-and-soda up stairs. That's all."

"Sorry the horse lost, Sir," said the man, with respectful sympathy.

"What horse?" asked Gilbert, with a vacant look.

"Beg your pardon, Sir—Goblin, Sir. Thought he was safe to win the Cup. Took the liberty to make my little venture on him. You bein' a old customer, you see, Sir, and all of us feelin' interested in him on that account."

"That was a good fellow. The ground was too hard for him—goes better in the dirt."

He went up to his bedroom after this brief colloquy, leaving the head waiter under the impression that Mr. Sinclair had been dining rather more freely than usual.

"Didn't seem to understand me when I spoke to him about his own 'oss," said the waiter to his friends in council; "stared at me reg'lar mazed."

"Ah, pore feller, he's 'it pretty 'ard to-day, you may depend."

Mr. Sinclair's last order to the waiter who carried the brandy-and-soda to his bedroom was to be called at half past six next morning.

"You'll have a cab at the door at a quarter past seven," he said; "I want to catch the seven-thirty train into Kent. I ought to have got home to-night if I could have done it."

"Yes, Sir—half past seven, Sir. Any thing particular you would like for breakfast?"

"Oh, any thing."

"A bit of fish, Sir, and a spatch-cock, or a devil?" suggested the waiter, pertinaciously. Nothing can subdue that solicitude to obtain an order which is the waiter's ruling passion.

"Fish—flesh—any thing," cried Gilbert, kicking off his boots.

"A salmon cutlet, Sir, with Dutch soss?"

"An elephant, if you like. Get me the cab at a quarter past seven. A hansom, with a good horse."

"Yes, Sir, an 'ansom and a fast 'oss. Yes, Sir. Tea or coffee, Sir?"

Mr. Sinclair banged his door in the waiter's face.

"The *Baron Osy* starts at eight to-morrow," said Gilbert, referring to his Bradshaw, the only literature he carried about him constantly. "I shall be in Antwerp on Saturday."

Then, after a pause, he asked himself,

"Might it not be wiser to hold my ground and trust to the chapter of accidents? Who is to bring that traitor's death home to me? I sleep here to-night. No one saw me at Davenant."

Again, after another interval of thought,

"How can I be sure that no one saw me yonder? These things are always brought home to a man somehow. A child—a dog—an idiot—the halt—dumb—blind—some unexpected witness rises up against him, and puts the rope round his neck. My best chance is to put the seas between me and a coroner's jury. First, Antwerp, and then a steamer for South America—Carthagena, or some lawless place where a man might laugh at extradition treaties. Besides, I'm sick of it all at home—too sick to stand to my guns and outface suspicion—and live in this country with that dead man's face staring at me. No, I'll try some strange, wild land, a new life that will be fiery enough to burn out the memory of the old one."

He went to the mantel-piece, where a pair of wax candles were burning with that air of elegant luxury by which your skilled hotel-keeper seeks to reconcile his customers to the extravagance of his charges, and took James Wyatt's letters out of his breast pocket.

The first three or four he looked at were business letters, chiefly entreaties to "renew" or carry over, or provide for some little bill just falling due, "like the best of good fellows." These Gilbert laid aside after a glance; but there was one at which he started as if he had touched a snake. It was in the same hand as the anonymous letter that had made him a murderer.

This, in plain words, was the gist of the letter—badly spelled, with a foreigner's uncouth orthography; curiously worded, with a mixture of foreign idioms and illiterate English.

"You tell me that all your promises amount to nothing—that you never meant to marry me. Rather hard to discover this after having nursed my delusion so long. I was to be a lady. I was to take my place in the world. Bah! all lies! Lies, like your pretended love—your pretended admiration. You ask me to go back to my country, and promise if I consent to this I shall be provided for—handsomely—with fifty pounds a year for life—whether I remain single or marry—an independence for a girl like me, you say. *Soit.* But who is to secure to me this independence? It may be paid me for a year—two years, perhaps—and then cease. It must that I see you, Mr. Wyatt. It must I hear of your own lips what you mean. Your soft tongue is too strong for me. You could persuade me to do any thing, to go any where, to serve and obey you as your slave; but I can not obey to your letters. I do not understand. I want to see things clearly—to have your views explained to me.

"You say that I am passionate—vindictive—and that when last we met—and, ah! how kind it was of you to come here at my request!—my violence almost frightened you. Believe me, I will not so offend again. Come but once more—only come and assure me with your own lips that this miserable pittance shall be paid to me honorably year by year—give me but your word for that, and I will go back to my friends in the south of France—ah—*comme ce sera loin de toi, mon ami*—and you shall hear of me never again.

"You tell me that you are no longer friends with Mr. Sinclair, and that you can not come to his house, and that if I want to see you it must that I come to you. That is not possible without throwing up my place altogether, for the housekeeper here is of the most tyrannical, and gives no servant leave to absent herself, and I will not give up this service until I am assured of my future. Give me, then, a proof of your good faith by coming here. Give me my pittance a year in advance, and show me how it is to be afterward paid me, and I will trouble you no more.

"It will be very easy for you to come on the evening of the 18th. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair are going to Ascot on the 15th; they will be absent some days. You know your way to the balcony room. I shall be waiting for you there between ten and eleven on Thursday evening, and I will show a light in the centre window as a signal that the coast is clear.

"Come if you wish me to trust you. Come if you do not wish me to betray you.

"Yours, as you treat me,
"Melanie Duport."

This letter showed Gilbert Sinclair the diabolical trap that had been set for James Wyatt and for himself. He had been made the instrument of the Frenchwoman's revenge.

In the face of this revelation what was he to do? Carry out his intention; go to South America, and leave his wife in the power of this fiend? Gilbert Sinclair was not bad enough for that.

"I'll risk it, and go back to Davenant," he said. "How do I know what this wretch might do? She might lay her lover's death at my wife's door, drag my wife's name in the gutter. No; at any hazard to myself I must be there, and, if necessary, this letter must be shown at the inquest."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Was Mr. Chisselm a very popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busybody of a friend. "I should think he was," replied the gentleman, "as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving; and several of them, including the sheriff's deputy, followed him some distance."

A worn-out parent has named his first baby Macbeth, because he has "murdered sleep."

A Waste of "T"—Putting it in "dépôt."

"Are you there, my love?" he whispered through a hole in the fence of his beloved's back yard. "Yes, darling," was the reply; "jump right over." He did so, and alighted in the presence of her mother, a broom-stick, and a policeman.

Western Settlers—Six-shooters.

"Mrs. Sage, I should like to know whose ferry-boats these are that I tumbled over in the hall?" "Ferry-boats indeed, Sir! Those are my shoes. Very polite of you to call them ferry-boats!" "I didn't say ferry-boats, Mrs. Sage: you misunderstood me—fairy boots, I said, my dear friend."

A Wedding Trip—Stumbling over the bride's train.

"Prog"-nostication—Anticipating a good dinner.

An incalculable Weight—The weight of indignation.

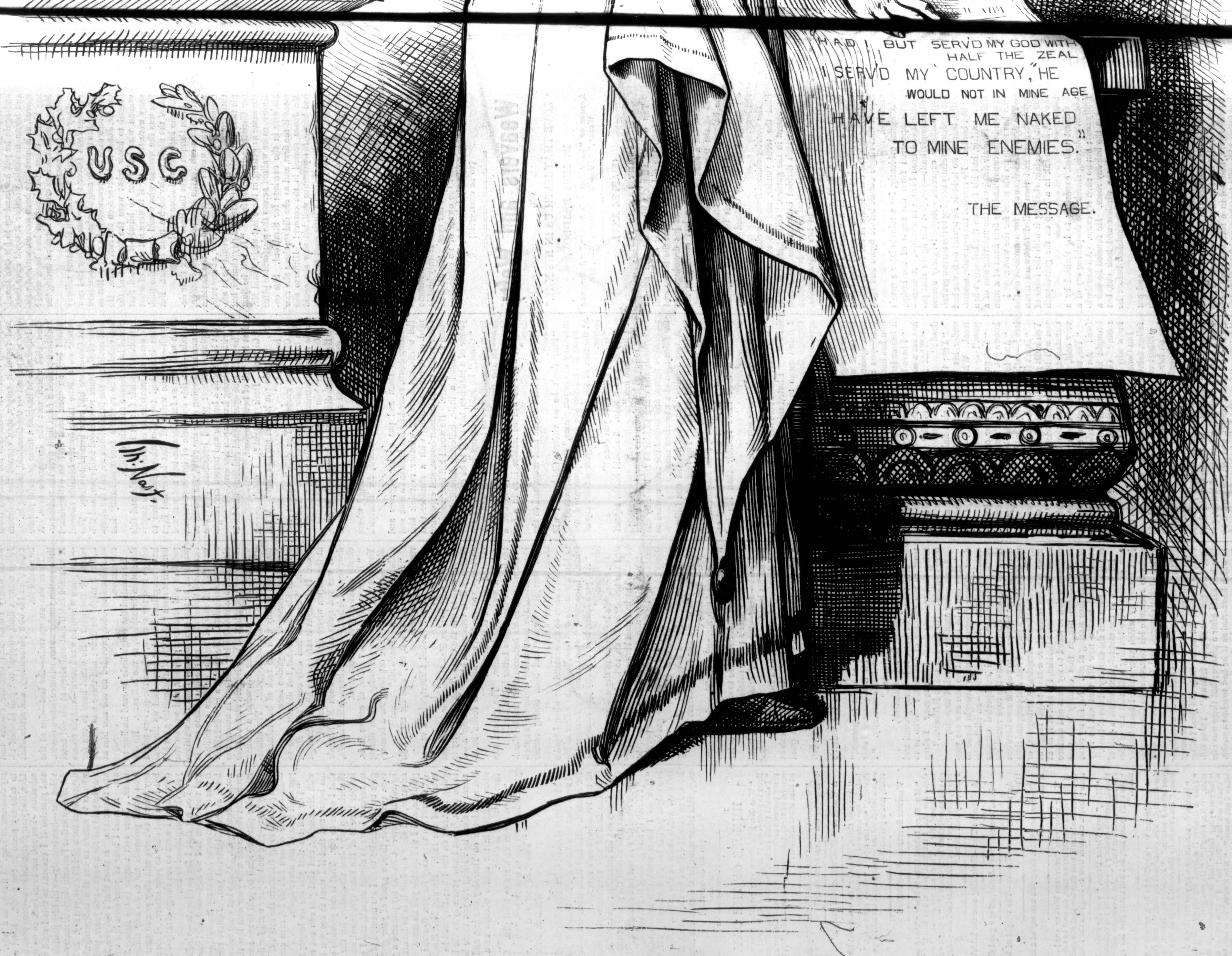
The best and worst thing you can say of a marriage is that it is a tie.

What unselfish Creatures Women are!—On one of the recent dismal days a lady, dressed in the deepest myrtle-colored cloth, told another that she had put on a deep-toned crimson bow to brighten the room.

"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century; woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." An American editor adds, "We can't guess her, but will never give her up. No, never."

A gentleman was applied to by a crossing sweeper for charity. The gentleman replied, "I will remember you when I return." "Please your honor," says the man, "I'm ruined by the credit I give in that way."

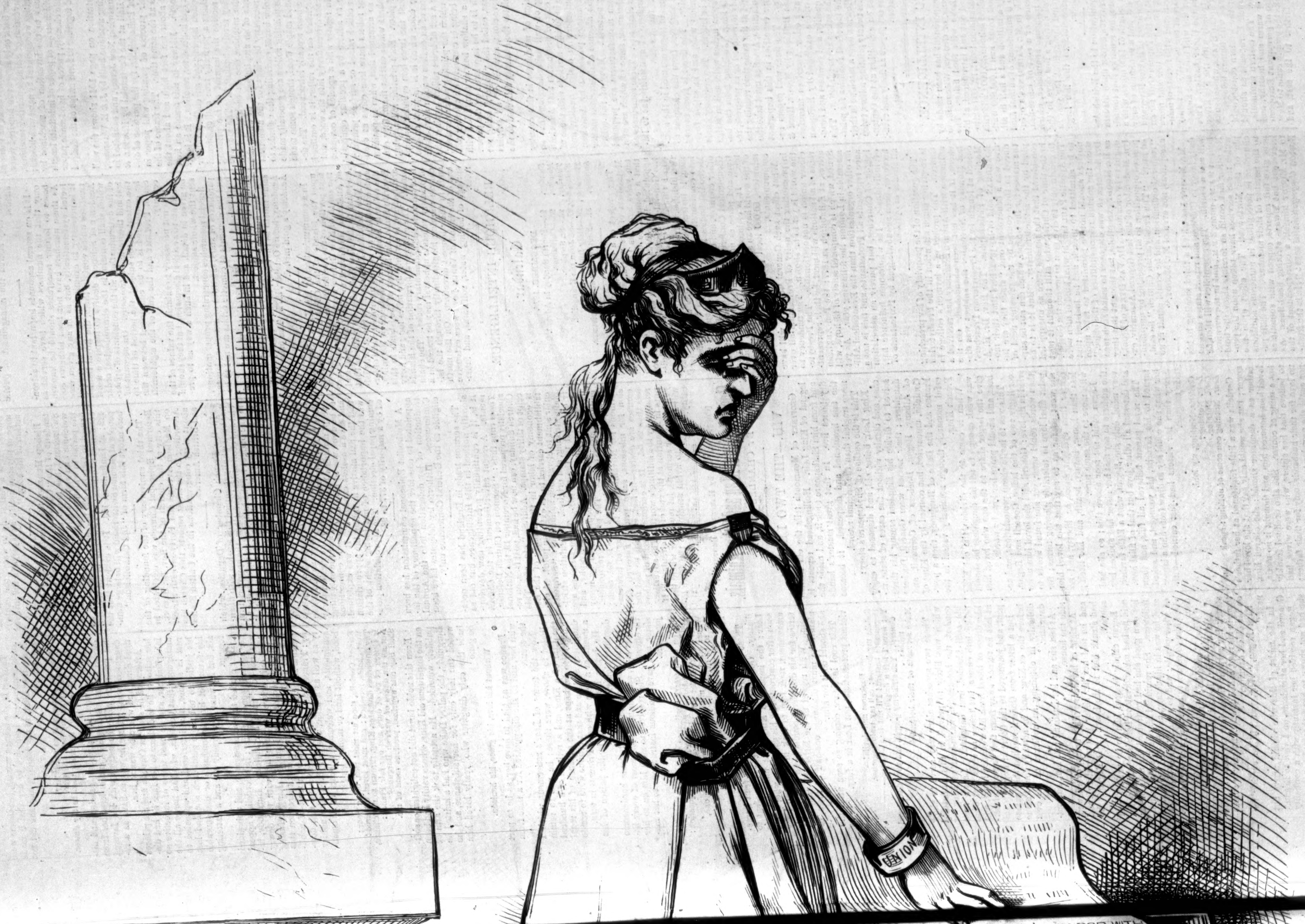
"Smith, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey!" echoed Smith, opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't." "Do you give it up?" "I do." "Because your better half is stubbornness herself." "That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home." "Mrs. Smith," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered, "I suppose because you were born so."



USC
HAD I BUT SERV'D MY GOD WITH HALF THE ZEAL I SERV'D MY COUNTRY, "HE WOULD NOT IN MINE AGE HAVE LEFT ME NAKED TO MINE ENEMIES."
THE MESSAGE.
Th: Nast.

GRANT'S LAST ANNUAL MESSAGE.

Columbia. "I did not think to shed a tear in all my miseries; but thou hast forced me out of thy honest truth to play the woman."—Shakspeare.



"HAD I BUT SERV'D MY GOD WITH HALF THE ZEAL

WALL PAPER PRINTING.

WALL papers for the decoration of the interiors of buildings have been used by the Chinese for many centuries, but the employment of them in Europe dates back only about two hundred years. Until the invention of cylinder printing-machines, paper-hangings were printed by hand with blocks; and previous to the invention of machines by means of which strips of paper of indefinite length may be made cheaply, pieces of hand-made paper were pasted together to form strips of the desired length.

Our illustration on page 1041 shows the wall paper printing machine built by J. & E. **WALDRON**, of New Brunswick, New Jersey, and exhibited in Machinery Hall at the Centennial by **HOWELL & BROTHERS**, of Philadelphia, for the purpose of displaying their process of printing wall paper in many colors at the same time. The frame of the machine is about ten feet high and about the same in length. Midway in this frame an iron cylinder, six feet in diameter, revolves. It is jacketed with cotton lapping and an endless rubber blanket, making a perfectly true and cushioned surface to receive the imprint of the printing rollers as they revolve against it. The massive frames of the machine, one on each side, form large segments of an arc, its arms, to which are secured the necessary bearings for the numerous rollers and color boxes, encircling the cylinder to the top. The printing rollers are generally made of well-seasoned maple wood, though some made of metal have been recently introduced. The design being sketched on the roller, it is outlined with sheet brass driven firmly into the wood, and this is filled in tightly with a species of compact felting, made to adhere by a peculiar composition. This is called raised or surface printing. These printing rollers have iron cones at each end, and are so arranged that, when in position on the print-shaft which carries them, they can not get out of place. Each printing roller, being set truly against the large iron cylinder, is supplied with the color which it is to print on the paper by means of an endless woolen sieve-cloth stretched over a set of brass rollers, against the upper part of which the printing roller revolves, the lower part being in contact with another roller, running in a shallow box or pan, filled with the color which is to be imprinted on the paper. A plate of brass, called the "doctor," being set against the sieve-cloth, scrapes off all surplus color, and regulates the quantity delivered to the printing roller.

The application of machinery in this country to the printing of wall paper-hangings has so cheapened the cost of production that American papers compete in foreign markets with those of European manufacture in design, quality, and price. One advantage possessed by American wall paper is the absence of deleterious matter in the coloring material. Many of the colors used by European manufacturers are prepared from mineral substances, some of which are of a highly poisonous character. These sometimes so vitiate the atmosphere of apartments as to impair the health of the inmates.

Various qualities of paper are used in the manufacture of wall hangings, from the cheapest to the most expensive. The finest is from twenty to twenty-two inches wide, and in strips from nine to ten yards in length. The ordinary kinds are generally eighteen inches wide, and in strips about eight yards long. Judging from the improvements already introduced or in progress, reducing the cost and at the same time refining the processes of manufacture, America must take the lead over all other countries in this important branch of industry. The finer wall papers exhibited in the Main Building by Messrs. **BECK** & Co., of this city, and other American manufacturers, vied with those exhibited by European houses in design, quality, and richness and beauty of color, while the prices are much lower. This is largely due to the increased facilities for printing. The Messrs. **HOWELL** have a machine in their factory which carries twenty printing rollers, twice as many as the one on exhibition at the Centennial, and yet it turns out papers as finely and evenly printed as the latter.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AN interesting experiment has been made by Mr. N. K. **FAIRBANKS**, of Geneva, Wisconsin, in stocking Geneva Lake with food fishes. The past year he hatched out and introduced, at his own expense, 250,000 salmon-trout, 125,000 white-fish, 10,000 land-locked salmon, 25,000 California salmon, 50,000 brook trout, and 1,000,000 wall-eyed pike, or nearly a million and a half in all. The question as to a sufficiency of animal food for these fish is met, in Mr. **FAIRBANKS**'s opinion, by the occurrence of a sort of white-fish, known as cisco, in immense abundance, which can only be captured during a few days in the year, but which abound throughout the year in the deep waters accessible to the fish large enough to devour them.

In a recent communication to the British Association by Mr. **OCTAVIUS STONE** upon his late travels in New Guinea, he remarks that the island has a maximum length of 1400 miles, with a maximum width of 450, and a minimum of only twenty. The neighborhood of Baxter River and the entire shore west of the Papuan Gulf for an average of 100 miles inland are low and more or less swampy, and covered with forests of mangrove-trees. This part of the country is thinly populated. Traces of the wild boar and kangaroo were observed in the Upper Baxter. This district contrasted strongly with the Fly River region discovered by Captain **EVANS**, whose banks for sixty miles swarmed with human beings.

Mr. **STONE** thought the western coast would prove the grave of such Europeans as should choose to reside there. The eastern peninsula, on the other hand, is warm and healthy, and may become the centre of permanent European settlements. He thinks the people came to New Guinea from islands farther to the east, and constitute a race far above the savage both in intellectual and moral attributes. The women of this Malay race were not debased as among the dark race, but mixed with the men, with whom they shared the management of public affairs.

It is on several accounts important to astronomy that the numbers which have served as bases to former researches should be known. As these numbers have not been hitherto collected systematically, but as in any given case it is necessary to examine the works or special treatises which contain them, the Royal Danish Academy of Sciences desires to inspire a work which shall contain, in the chronological order of the determination, all the constants of spherical and theoretical astronomy. On account of the extent of the subject, the period of time to be considered is to be comprised between the era of **PTOLEMY** and the end of the eighteenth century.

It is not necessary to submit the values of the constants to a critical discussion, but they should be given in detail, and in such a way as to present the whole subject.

Special researches concerning proper motions, parallaxes of stars, satellites of exterior planets, and the elements of cometic orbits are not to be included.

The essays may be written in English, and should be sent, with a sealed envelope containing the author's name, etc., and bearing the same motto as the essay, to the secretary of the Academy, before October, 1877. The prize is the Academy's gold medal.

In a communication by Mr. **KERRY NICHOLLS** upon the islands of the Coral Sea, embracing that portion of the Pacific Ocean extending from the south of New Guinea westward to the coast of Australia, southward to New Caledonia, and eastward to the New Hebrides, he remarks that the New Hebrides Banks and the Santa Cruz Islands constitute an almost unbroken chain of fertile volcanic islands for a distance of 700 miles. Espiritu Santo, the largest of the islands in this archipelago, is seventy-five miles long and forty broad. The geological formation of the islands is of volcanic and sedimentary rocks. The chain of primary volcanic upheaval may be traced in a course running longitudinally through the islands in their longest direction. On the north end of the island of Vanua Levu were extensive springs of boiling water, solfataras, and fumaroles.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER, 1876.

Sunday,	24.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	25.—Christmas.
Tuesday,	26.—St. Stephen.
Wednesday,	27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Thursday,	28.—Holy Innocents.
Sunday,	31.—First Sunday after Christmas.

THE project of a General Council of all the Methodists of the world, which was broached ten years ago, has been so favorably received that a committee of correspondence has been appointed, in accordance with the direction of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The committee, composed of two bishops, four other ministers, and three laymen, is instructed "to take this whole subject into consideration, to correspond with different Methodist bodies in this country and in every other country, and endeavor to arrange for said Œcumenical Conference of Methodism at such time and place as may be judged most advisable." It is claimed that the Methodist bodies of the world have an aggregate of 30,000 itinerant ministers, 60,000 local preachers, and 4,000,000 communicants.

What effect such General Councils will have in promoting the unity of Protestants all over the world is yet to be shown. The tendency to closer union is unquestionable. The Presbyterians of all nations will meet, by their representatives, at Edinburgh in 1877; the Pan-Anglican Synod, which is composed solely of bishops, will assemble in London the following year. As yet no other organization than the Evangelical Alliance represents all Protestants, and this is not a league of Churches, but purely an association of individuals. Its wholesome influence has, however, been acknowledged by Protestants of all shades of opinion.

The question of the propriety of lay preaching is receiving much attention in the Presbyterian Church. The project of a laymen's college in affiliation with Auburn Seminary has received a check, if it has not been abandoned. On the last Monday of November the subject was discussed at length by the Presbyterian Preachers' Meeting of Philadelphia. The Rev. Dr. H. A. **BOARDMAN** said of lay preachers that their motive was a benevolent one, "since they are induced to their course by the pressing need of the masses for the Gospel, which can not be supplied by the settled ministry. But it is to be considered that the masses were as unsupplied in the time of Christ, who still thought it best to ordain only twelve men to preach the Gospel. The Apostle **PAUL** taught what kind of men were to be admitted to preach, and he insisted that novices should not be permitted to take upon them the solemn responsibilities of the office." Dr. **BOARDMAN** was disposed to make such men as Mr. **MOODY** exceptions, but thought that they ought to be ordained. Dr. **VAN DYKE**, of Brooklyn, Moderator of the last General Assembly, expressed opposition to all preaching by unordained men. "The Presbyterian Church," he said, "required ordination, and he would admit of no exceptions, not even of Mr. **MOODY**."

Mr. **MOODY** has added a third meeting to his daily labor in Chicago, and report states that he will add a fourth. The assemblies will then be held at 9 A.M., noon, 3 P.M., and in the evening. No other fact could so forcibly show the hold which these services have taken upon the people of the Northwest. The effect upon the churches is perceptible in numerous additions to the number of their members. The daily papers give full reports, capped with sometimes irreverent but always striking head-lines. As to Mr. **MOODY** himself, a correspondent of the Boston *Congregationalist* says: "He is the freshest, strongest man in all the audience. Day after day, meeting after meeting, he comes up with an appearance of complete exemption from weariness. It is a real study to watch the exuberance of physical health as it plays in the intense action of his body."

Bishop **HERZOG**, the newly elected superintendent of the "Christian-Catholic" Church of Switzerland, has found the people prepared to welcome him and his ministrations. At Olten, the parish in which he spent three years, he confirmed in October 428 persons; at Stankirch he confirmed 62 others; at Trimbach, 67; at Wöhlin, 422; at Laufenberg, 103. It is evident that the people of German Switzerland will in large numbers adopt this form of "Old Catholicism."

The third anniversary of the founding of the Reformed Episcopal Church was celebrated in this city at the church of the Rev. Dr. **SABINE**, on Madison Avenue and Forty-seventh Street. According to the latest reports, this Church has about sixty congregations in the United States and British America.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, which has been wholly occupied this session with financial and economical questions, the appropriation in the budget for the salary of an embassador to the papal court was not suffered to pass unchallenged. M. **MADIER DE MONTJAU**, a leading radical, said that the "government had nothing to do with what were called 'religious interests,'" which were not recognized by French law. He asked, "What was the use of keeping an embassador to exercise influence over an infallible Pope? Nothing would satisfy the clerical party except making a Jesuit Pope; and the only thing to be done was to give up Catholic connections and save a useless expense." It was explained that the real motive in voting the appropriation was the importance of not losing sight of the coming papal election. The appropriation passed by a majority of 377 to 93.

A Methodist Episcopal commission has been appointed to consider the expediency of the introduction of lay delegation into the Annual Conferences. Hitherto lay delegates have been eligible to the General Conference only.

The sermon trade in England has been occasionally noticed in this Intelligence, but old as it is, it is continually presenting new developments. A recent advertisement in the *Church Times* runs thus: "Sermon on Church Defense, specially prepared for November 19, the National Church Sunday, can now be had, post free, on receipt of thirty stamps. Address," etc., etc. This is economy of labor in the defense of the Establishment carried to its extreme point. A circular sent to clergymen announces: "Sermons, plain, striking, and original. Circulation strictly confined to the clergy. These sermons are written in clear manuscript lithography, and have been most highly commended by many eminent clergymen." The price is reasonable. Harvest sermons can be had for 1*s.* 6*d.* each; sermons for November 30, the day of intercession for missions, same price. Farewell discourses are dearer—in fact, can not be had for less than 2*s.* 6*d.* It is curious to read of pathos retailed by the shilling's worth. The advertiser puts in a caution at the end of his circular: "If you write for sermons, let me know where they will be used, to avoid sending to the same locality."

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Good Stories of Man and Other Animals.

BY CHARLES READE.

VIII.—THE TWO LEARS.

GEOFFREY of Monmouth tells the old British legend of King Leir. Hollingshead repeats it, and from him Shakspeare took it, and made the dry bones live. In that great master's hands the tale broadened and deepened. It became more tragical than the original record.

This is the outline of Shakspeare's story:

King Lear, being old, and disposed to enjoy ease and dignity without the cares of state, resolved to divide his kingdom among his three daughters; their names were Goneril, Duchess of Albany, Regan, Duchess of Cornwall, and Cordelia, unmarried, but courted by the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy, then a powerful monarch, though nominally vassal to the French King.

When it came to the division, the old King was weak enough to tell his daughters he should give the larger share to the one who loved him best, and should prove her love by words.

This was to invite cheap protestations, and accordingly two of the ladies, Goneril and Regan, vied in lip-love: Goneril said she loved him more than words could utter, yet she found words to paint filial love in tolerably glowing terms; for she went so far as to say that she loved him dearer than eyesight, space, or liberty, and no less than honor, beauty, health, and life itself; with more to the same tune.

Regan could not soar above this; so she had the address to say that her sister had spoken her very mind, only she, Regan, went a little farther, and detested all other joys but that of filial love.

The royal parent believed all this, and then turned to his favorite, his youngest, and asked her what she could say to draw from him a larger dowry than her sisters had just earned—with their tongues.

> *Cordelia.* Nothing, my lord.
> *Lear.* Nothing?
> *Cord.* Nothing.
> *Lear.* Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cordelia was a little frightened at her father's anger; but she would only say that she loved her father as a daughter should: she obeyed him, loved him, honored him, and thought it no merit, but a thing of course. She also declined frankly to believe that her sisters, who were wives, had no love for their husbands, only for their father; nor could she promise to reserve all her love for her father, and give none to the man she might wed.

The fact is, she being a woman, her sisters were such transparent humbugs to her that it made her rather blunt in her honesty, and she did not gild the pill.

> *Lear.* So young, and so untender?
> *Cord.* So young, my lord, and true.
> *Lear.* Let it be so; thy truth then be thy dower.

He then went into a violent passion, and disowned her as his daughter, and ordered her from his presence, while he settled with his favored daughters what retinue he was to have as a retired King, and where he was to live.

Afterward he sent for Cordelia and the princes her suitors; he told them to her face he had disinherited her, and he used terms of invective so ambiguous that Cordelia, who had borne all the rest in silence, now interfered, and appealed to his justice to tell those gentlemen she had lost his favor not by any unchaste or dishonorable act, but for want of a greedy eye and a flattering tongue.

Lear evaded this remonstrance, and upbraided her again in general terms; but Cordelia's appeal was not lost upon her suitors. Burgundy, indeed, only offered to take her with the dowry originally proposed, and on the King refusing this, he declined her hand. But thereupon this pitiable scene was redeemed by a trait of nobility: France, who had come there for a rich dowry as well as a bride, was now fired with nobler sentiments, and welcomed a pearl of Womanhood, without land or money.

> Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor;
> Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!
> Thy dowerless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
> Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
> Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
> Shall buy this unprized, precious maid of me.

Even this noble burst did not enlighten or soften the impetuous old King, whose vanity had been publicly wounded. He actually took the arm of Burgundy, the paltry Duke who had admitted he wooed the lady only for her substance, and he bade the only daughter who really loved him be gone

> Without his love, his grace, his benison.

France was as glad to have her as he to part with her, and so she disappeared for a time from the scene.

Now the terms of Lear's retirement, which I alluded to above, were these: he was to retain the title of a King, and a retinue of a hundred Knights, to be kept at the expense of his regal daughters, and he and that retinue were to reside a month at a time with each Princess in turn.

He began his new life in the palace of his daughter Goneril.

He and his Knights soon became burdensome to that lady, and she made the most of every little offense. She resolved to shift him on to her sister, and gave insidious instructions to her major-domo.

> Put on what weary negligence you please,
> You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
> If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
> Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
> Not to be overruled. Idle old man,
> That still would manage those authorities
> That he hath given away.

These perfidious instructions bore fruit immediately. Goneril's head servant was insolent to Lear; the impetuous King beat him, and was soon after confronted by his daughter, who, to his amazement, took him to task in cold and lofty terms for his disorderly conduct and that of his train. With regard to the latter, she told him plainly he must discharge one-half of them, or she should do it for him.

This cool insolence, coming so soon after the violent protestations, put Lear in a fury.

> Darkness and devils!—
> Saddle my horses; call my train together.
> Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee—
> Yet have I left a daughter.
> *Goneril.* You strike my people, and your disordered rabble
> Make servants of their betters.

These two speeches alone may serve to show which was likely to prevail in this unnatural combat, the hot-headed, warm-hearted King or his cold-blooded, iron daughter. Lear's rage broke into curses, but ended in tears that were like drops of blood from his wounded heart, and at last he turned away from that ungrateful serpent, and journeyed to the Court of Regan.

But a letter from Goneril reached that palace before the ex-King, and he actually found some difficulty in obtaining an audience of his own daughter.

At last she and her husband met him, but outside the house.

At sight of her his swelling breast overflowed, and he told her her sister was ungrateful, and had struck him to the heart. "O Regan!" he sobbed.

Regan calmly begged him to be patient, and said he had misunderstood her sister: it was for his own good she had restrained the riots of his followers. She reminded him he was old, insinuated he was in his dotage, and needed the control of wiser people; and to conclude, she coolly advised him to return to her sister, and beg her pardon.

"What!" cried he; "when she has abated me of half my train, looked black upon me, and struck her serpent fangs into my heart!" He then, in his rage, called down all manner of curses on his eldest daughter.

Says Regan, "Why, you will be cursing me next."

In the midst of this who should arrive but Goneril and her attendants, on a visit to Regan.

Regan received her instantly with a cordiality she had not shown to her father and benefactor.

Lear was amazed at that, after what he had said, and exclaimed, "O Regan, will you take her by the hand?"

It was Goneril who replied to this, and with the most galling and contemptuous insolence:

Why not by the hand, Sir? How have I offended?
All's not offense that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

At this the poor old King prayed to Heaven for patience.

Regan paid no attention to that, but coldly stuck to her point. She advised him to comply with Goneril's terms, strike off half his Knights, and conclude his month. After that he could come to her. At present his visit would not be convenient.

Lear refused, hotly.

"As you please," said Goneril, coldly.

Regan persisted, and said that, in fact, fifty followers were too many in another person's house. How could so many people, under two commands, hold amity?

Then Goneril put in her word. Why could he not be attended on by *their* servants?

"To be sure," said Regan. "Then, if they were disrespectful, we could control them. At all events," said she, "when you come to me, bring no more than twenty-five."

He asked her if that was her last word; she said it was. Then the poor old King said Goneril was better than she was. Yes, he would go back with Goneril, and dismiss half his retinue.

One would have thought these clever, heartless women had bandied the poor old man to and fro enough. But Goneril had no mercy: this was her reply, when he consented to her own proposition:

Goneril. Hear me, my lord:
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Regan. What need *one?*

So they trumped each other's cards, and coldly drove him wild.

He raged and stormed at them, unheeded. He wept with agony, unheeded. He left them both, and went forth into the stormy night a houseless King, a banished father.

Crushed vanity is hard to bear. Wounded affection is hard to bear. Under the double agony the poor old King lost his reason, and wandered about the kingdom like a beggar.

Meantime his despised curses began to work, for his wicked daughters prepared their own chastisement by their own crimes; and here the Poet has well shown that the hearts cold to divine affection could be hot with illicit love as well as spurred by greed.

But now it was reported in France how the old King had been abused, and Queen Cordelia, indignant, invaded the kingdom with a French army. Her emissaries found the poor King in a miserable condition, living in rags, and sleeping in out-houses and stables. She had him laid, all unconscious, on a fair bed in her own tent, with music softly playing, and her own physician waiting on him. She herself nursed him with deep anxiety for his waking.

All was changed. She who in his hour of pride and prosperity had said she loved him only as every daughter ought to love her father, now overflowed with passionate tenderness. She took his gray head to her filial bosom, and bemoaned him. "Was this a face," said she, "to be opposed to the warring winds? On such a night too! Why, I would have given shelter to my enemy's dog, though he had bitten me. And wast thou fain, poor father, to hovel thee with swine on musty straw?"

While she was thus lamenting over him, the sore-tried King awoke; but not his memory. He thought he had been dead, and told them they did wrong to take him out of the grave where he rested from his sufferings. The happy change in his condition brought him no joy at first; it did but confuse and puzzle him. He looked at Cordelia, and saw she was a Queen, and tried to kneel to her. But she would not let him, and kneeled to him instead, and begged him to hold his hand over her and give her a parent's blessing. Seeing so great a lady at his feet craving his blessing let some light into his distracted mind, and drew from the once fiery old man sweet piteous words that have made many an eye wet.

Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am.

Then the poor soul, seeing her weep, bade her not cry, and offered to drink poison if she chose; for he said she had far more reason to hate him than her sisters had.

But she soon convinced him of her love, and from that time they never parted.

At this very time Goneril and Regan died by poison and suicide, and so paid the forfeit of their crimes.

But all this was on the eve of a battle between the French and English forces, and in that battle, deplorable to relate, Cordelia was slain, and Lear mustered strength to kill her assassin, and then the last chord of his sore-tried heart gave way, and he died by the side of his loved daughter, who had professed so little, yet had done so much, and died for him.

This is the heart of Shakspeare's story. There is an inferior hand visible in parts of it: it is clogged with useless characters and superfluous atrocities, and the death of Cordelia is revolting, and a sacrifice of the narrative to stage policy. But all that pertains directly to King Lear is exquisite, and so masterly that the tale has extinguished the legend. Historically incorrect, it is true in art, all but the sacrifice of Cordelia, which, coupled with the other deaths, turns the theatre into a shambles, and, above all, disturbs the true motive of the tale. When the reader finds the sore-tried old man lying on a soft couch tended by Queen Cordelia, and when at last he knows her, and they mingle their tears and their love, the reader sees this is the lightening before death, and the mad King has recovered his wits to be just to his one child, and then to fall asleep after life's fitful fever. Against such a tale, so told, no previous legend can fight. Under such a spell you can neither conceive nor believe that Lear recovered his kingdom, and caroused again at the head of his Knights, and toasted his one child. Youth may recover any wound; but old age and royal vanity crushed and trampled on, and paternal love struck to the heart by the serpent's tooth of filial ingratitude, what should they do but rage and die?

Yet there is a legend, almost as old as *Lear*, of a father whom his children treated as Goneril and Regan treated Lear; but he suffered and survived, and his heart turned bitter instead of breaking.

Of this prose Lear the story is all over Europe, and, like most old stories, told vilely. To that, however, there happens to be one exception, and the readers of this collection shall have the benefit of it.

In a certain part of Ireland, a long time ago, lived a wealthy old farmer whose name was Brian Taafe. His three sons, Guillaum, Shamus, and Garret, worked on the farm. The old man had a great affection for them all; and finding himself grow unfit for work, he resolved to hand his farm over to them, and sit quiet by the fireside. But as that was not a thing to be done lightly, he thought he would just put them to their trial. He would take the measure of their intelligence, and then of their affection.

Proceeding in this order, he gave them each a hundred pounds, and quietly watched to see what they did with it.

Well, Guillaum and Shamus put their hundred pounds out to interest, every penny; but when the old man questioned Garret where his hundred pounds was, the young man said, "I spent it, father."

"Spent it?" said the old man, aghast. "Is it the whole hundred pounds?"

"Sure I thought you told us we might lay it out as we plaised."

"Is that a raison ye'd waste the whole of it in a year, ye prodigal?" cried the old man; and he trembled at the idea of his substance falling into such hands.

Some months after this he applied the second test.

He convened his sons, and addressed them solemnly: "I'm an old man, my children; my hair is white on my head, and it's time I was giving over trade and making my sowl." The two elder overflowed sympathy. He then gave the dairy-farm and the Hill to Shamus, and the meadows to Guillaum. Thereupon these two vied with each other in expressions of love and gratitude. But Garret said never a word; and this, coupled with his behavior about the hundred pounds, so maddened the old man that he gave Garret's portion, namely, the home and the home farm, to his elder brothers to hold in common. Garret he disinherited on the spot, and in due form. That is to say, he did not overlook him nor pass him by; but even as spiteful testators used to leave the disinherited one a shilling, that he might not be able to say he had been inadvertently omitted, and it was all a mistake, old Brian Taafe solemnly presented young Garret Taafe with a hazel staff and a small bag. Poor Garret knew very well what that meant. He shouldered the bag, and went forth into the wide world with a sad heart, but a silent tongue. His dog, Lurcher, was for following him, but he drove him back with a stone.

On the strength of the new arrangement, Guillaum and Shamus married directly, and brought their wives home, for it was a large house, and room for all.

But the old farmer was not contented to be quite a cipher, and he kept finding fault with this and that. The young men became more and more impatient of his interference, and their wives fanned the flame with female pertinacity. So that the house was divided, and a very home of discord.

This went on getting worse and worse, till at last, one winter afternoon, Shamus defied his father openly before all the rest, and said, "I'd like to know what would plaise ye. Maybe ye'd like to turn us all out as ye did Garret."

The old farmer replied, with sudden dignity, "If I did, I'd take no more than I gave."

"What good was your giving it?" said Guillaum; "we get no comfort of it while you are in the house."

"Do you talk that way to me too?" said the father, deeply grieved. "If it was poor Garret I had, he wouldn't use me so."

"Much thanks the poor boy ever got from you," said one of the women, with venomous tongue; then the other woman, finding she could count on male support, suggested to her father-in-law to take his stick and pack and follow his beloved Garret. "Sure he'd find him begging about the counthry."

At the women's tongues the wounded parent turned to bay.

"I don't wonder at any thing I hear *ye* say. Ye never yet heard of any thing good that a woman would have a hand in—only mischief always. If ye ask who made such a road, or built a bridge, or wrote a great histhory, or did a great action, you'll never hear it's a woman done it; but if there is a jewel with swords and guns, or two boys cracking each other's crowns with shillalahs, or a didly secret let out, or a character ruined, or a man brought to the gallows, or mischief made between a father and his own flesh and blood, then I'll engage you'll hear a woman had some call to it. We needn't have recoorse to histhory to know your doin's, 'tis undher our eyes; for 'twas the likes o' ye two burned Throy, and made the King o' Leinsther rebel against Brian Boru."

These shafts of eloquence struck home; the women set up a screaming, and pulled their caps off their heads, which in that part was equivalent to gentlefolks drawing their swords.

"Oh, murther! murther! was it for this I married you, Guillaum Taafe?"

"Och, Shamus, will ye sit an' hear me compared to the likes? Would I rebel against Brian Boru, Shamus, a'ra gal?"

"Don't heed him, avourneen," said Shamus; "he is an ould man."

But she would not be pacified. "Oh vo! vo! If ever I thought the likes 'ud be said of me, that I'd rebel against Brian Boru!"

As for the other, she prepared to leave the house. "Guillaum," said she, "I'll never stay a day undher your roof with them as would say I'd burn Throy. Does he forget he ever had a mother himself? Ah! 'tis a bad apple, that is what it is, that despises the tree it sprung from."

All this heated Shamus, so that he told the women sternly to sit down, for the offender should go; and upon that, to show they were of one mind, Guillaum deliberately opened the door. Lurcher ran out, and the wind and the rain rushed in. It was a stormy night.

Then the old man took fright, and humbled himself:

"Ah! Shamus, Guillaum, achree, let ye have it as ye will; I'm sorry for what I said, a'ra gal. Don't turn me out on the high-road in my ould days, Guillaum, and I'll engage I'll niver open my mouth against one o' ye the longest day I live. Ah! Shamus, it isn't long I have to stay wid ye, anyway. Yer own hair will be as white as mine yet, plaise God! and ye'll be thanking Him ye showed respect to mine this night."

But they were all young and of one mind, and they turned him out and barred the door.

He crept away, shivering in the wind and rain, till he got on the lee side of a stone wall, and there he stopped and asked himself whether he could live through the night.

Presently something cold and smooth poked against his hand; it was a large dog that had followed him unobserved till he stopped. By a white mark on his breast he saw it was Lurcher, Garret's dog.

"Ah!" said the poor old wanderer, "you are not so wise a dog as I thought, to follow me." When he spoke to the dog, the dog fondled him. Then he burst out sobbing and crying, "Ah, Lurcher! Garret was not wise either; but he would niver have turned me to the door this bitter night, nor even thee." And so he moaned and lamented. But Lurcher pulled his coat, and by his movements conveyed to him that he should not stay there all night; so then he crept on and knocked at more than one door, but did not obtain admittance, it was so tempestuous. At last he lay down exhausted on some straw in the corner of an out-house; but Lurcher lay close to him, and it is probable the warmth of the dog saved his life that night.

Next day the wind and rain abated; but this aged man had other ills to fight against besides winter and rough weather. The sense of his sons' ingratitude and his own folly drove him almost mad. Sometimes he would curse and thirst for vengeance, sometimes he would shed tears that seemed to scald his withered cheeks. He got into another county and begged from door to door. As for Lurcher, he did not beg; he used to disappear, often for an hour at a time, but always returned, and often with a rabbit or even a hare in his mouth. Sometimes the friends exchanged them for a gallon of meal, sometimes they roasted them in the woods; Lurcher was a civilized dog, and did not like them raw.

Wandering hither and thither, Brian Taafe came at last within a few miles of his own house; but he soon had cause to wish himself farther off it; for here he met his first downright rebuff, and, cruel to say, he owed it to his hard-hearted sons. One recognized him as the father of that rogue Guillaum Taafe, who had cheated him in the sale of a horse, and another as the father of that thief Shamus, who had sold him a diseased cow that died the week after. So, for the first time since he was driven out of his home, he passed the night supperless, for houses did not lie close together in that part.

Cold, hungry, houseless, and distracted with grief at what he had been and now was, nature gave way at last, and, unable to outlast the weary, bitter night, he lost his senses just before dawn, and lay motionless on the hard road.

The chances were he must die; but just at Death's door his luck turned.

Lurcher put his feet over him and his chin upon his breast to guard him, as he had often guarded Garret's coat, and that kept a little warmth in his heart; and at the very dawn of day the door of a farm-house opened, and the master came out upon his business, and saw something unusual lying in the road a good way off. So he went toward it, and found Brian Taafe in that condition. This farmer was very well to do, but he had known trouble, and it had made him charitable. He soon hallooed to his men, and had the old man taken in; he called his wife too, and bade her observe that it was a reverend face, though he was all in tatters. They laid him between hot blankets, and, when he came to a bit, gave him warm drink, and at last a good meal. He recovered his spirits, and thanked them with a certain dignity.

When he was quite comfortable, and not before, they asked him his name.

"Ah! don't ask me that," said he, piteously. "It's a bad name I have, and it used to be a good one, too. Don't ask me, or maybe you'll put me out, as the others did, for the fault of my two sons. It is hard to be turned from my own door, let alone from other honest men's doors, through the vilyins," said he.

So the farmer was kindly, and said, "Never mind your name, fill your belly."

But by-and-by the man went out into the yard, and then the wife could not restrain her curiosity. "Why, good man," said she, "sure you are too decent a man to be ashamed of your name."

"I'm too decent not to be ashamed of it," said Brian. "But you are right; an honest man should tell his name though they druv him out of heaven for it. I am Brian Taafe—that was."

"Not Brian Taafe the strong farmer at Corrans?"

"Ay, madam; I'm all that's left of him."

"Have you a son called Garret?"

"I had, then."

The woman spoke no more to him, but ran screaming to the door: "Here, Tom! Tom! come here!" cried she; "Tom! Tom!" As Lurcher, a very sympathetic dog, flew to the door and yelled and barked fiercely in support of this invocation, the hullabaloo soon brought the farmer running in.

"Oh, Tom, asthore," cried she, "it's Mister Taafe, the father of Garret Taafe himself."

"O Lord!" cried the farmer, in equal agitation, and stared at him. "My blessing on the day you ever set foot within these doors." Then he ran to the door and hallooed: "Hy, Murphy! Ellen! come here, ye divils!"

Lurcher supported the call with great energy. In ran a fine little boy and girl. "Look at this man with all the eyes in your body!" said he. "This is Misther Taafe, father of Garret Taafe that saved us all from ruin and destruction entirely." He then turned to Mr. Taafe, and told him, a little more calmly, "that years ago every haporth they had was going to be carted for the rent; but Garret Taafe came by, put his hand in his pocket, took out thirty pounds, and cleared them in a moment. It was a way he had; we were not the only ones he saved that way, so long as he had it to give."

The old man did not hear these last words; his eyes were opened, the iron entered his soul, and he overflowed with grief and penitence.

"Och, murther! murther!" he cried. "My poor boy! what had I to do at all to go and turn you adrift, as I done, for no raison in life!" Then, with a piteous apologetic wail, "I tuck the wrong for the right; that's the way the world is blinded. Och, Garret, Garret, what will I do with the thoughts of it? An' those two vilyins that I gave it all to, and they turned me out in my ould days, as I done you. No matther!" and he fell into a sobbing and a trembling that nearly killed him for the second time.

But the true friends of his son Garret nursed him through that, and comforted him; so he recovered. But, as he did live, he outlived those tender feelings whose mortal wounds had so nearly killed him. When he recovered this last blow he brooded and brooded, but never shed another tear.

One day, seeing him pretty well restored, as he thought, the good farmer came to him with a fat bag of gold. "Sir," said he, "soon after your son helped us, luck set in our way. Mary she had a legacy; we had a wonderful crop of flax, and with that plant 'tis kill or cure; and then I found lead in the hill, and they pay me a dale o' money for leave to mine there. I'm almost ashamed to take it. I tell you all this to show you I can afford to pay you back that thirty pounds, and if you please I'll count it out."

"No!" said Mr. Taafe, "I'll not take Garret's money; but if you will do me a favor, lend me the whole bag for a week, for at the sight of it I see a way to— Whisper."

Then, with bated breath and in strict confidence, he hinted to the farmer a scheme of vengeance. The farmer was not even to tell it to his wife; "for," said old Brian, "the very birds carry these things about; and sure it is knowing divils I have to do with, especially the women."

Next day the farmer lent him a good suit and drove him to a quiet corner scarce a hundred yards from his old abode. The old farmer got down and left him. Lurcher walked at his master's heels. It was noon and the sun shining bright.

The wife of Shamus Taafe came out to hang up her man's shirt to dry, when, lo! scarce thirty yards from her, she saw an old man seated counting out gold on a broad stone at his feet. At first she thought it must be one of the good people—or fairies—or else she must be dreaming; but no! cocking her head on one side, she saw for certain the profile of Brian Taafe, and he was counting a mass of gold. She ran in and screamed her news rather than spoke it.

"Nonsense, woman!" said Shamus, roughly; "it is not in nature."

"Then go and see for yourself, man!" said she.

Shamus was not the only one to take this advice. They all stole out on tiptoe, and made a sort of semicircle of curiosity. It was no dream; there were piles and piles of gold glowing in the sun, and old Brian with a horse-pistol across his knees; and even Lurcher seemed to have his eyes steadily fixed on the glittering booty.

When they had thoroughly drunk in this most unexpected scene, they began to talk in agitated whispers; but even in talking they never looked at each other—their eyes were glued on the gold.

Said Guillaum: "Ye did very wrong, Shamus, to turn out the old father as you done; see now what we all lost by it. That's a part of the money he laid by, and we'll never see a penny of it."

The wives whispered that was a foolish thing to say: "Leave it to us," said they, "and we'll have it all one day."

This being agreed to, the women stole toward the old man, one on each side. Lurcher rose and snarled, and old Brian hurried his gold into his ample pockets, and stood on the defensive.

"Oh, father! and is it you come back? Oh, the Lord be praised! Oh, the weary day since you left us, and all our good luck wid ye!"

Brian received this and similar speeches with fury and reproaches. Then they humbled themselves and wept, cursed their ill-governed tongues, and bewailed the men's folly in listening to them. They flattered him and cajoled him, and ordered their husbands to come forward and ask the old man's pardon, and not let him ever leave them again. The supple sons were all penitence and affection directly. Brian at last consented to stay, but stipulated for a certain chamber with a key to it. "For," said he, "I have got my strong-box to take care of, as well as myself."

They pricked up their ears directly at mention of the strong-box, and asked where it was.

"Oh! it is not far, but I can't carry it. Give me two boys to fetch it."

"Oh! Guillaum and Shamus would carry it or any thing to oblige a long-lost father."

So they went with him to the farmer's cart, and brought in the box, which was pretty large, and above all very full and heavy.

He was once more king of his own house, and flattered and petted as he had never been since he gave away his estate. To be sure, he fed this by mysterious hints that he had other lands besides those in that part of the country, and that, indeed, the full extent of his possessions would never be known until his will was read; which will was safely locked away in his strong-box—*with other things*.

And so he passed a pleasant time, imbittered only by regrets, and very poignant they were, that he could hear nothing of his son Garret. Lurcher also was taken great care of, and became old and lazy.

But shocks that do not kill undermine. Before he reached threescore and ten, Brian Taafe's night-work and troubles told upon him, and he drew near his end. He was quite conscious of it, and announced his own departure, but not in a regretful way. He had become quite a philosopher; and indeed there was a sort of chuckle about the old fellow in speaking of his own death, which his daughters-in-law secretly denounced as unchristian, and, what was worse, unchancy.

Whenever he did mention the expected event, he was sure to say, "And mind, boys, my will is in that chest."

"Don't speak of it, father," was the reply.

When he was dying, he called for both his sons, and said, in a feeble voice, "I was a strong farmer, and come of honest folk. Ye'll give me a good wakin', boys, an' a gran' funeral."

They promised this very heartily.

"And after the funeral ye'll all come here together, and open the will, the children an' all. All but Garret. I've left him nothing, poor boy, for sure he's not in this world. I'll maybe see him where I'm goin'."

So there was a grand wake, and the virtues of the deceased and his professional importance were duly howled by an old lady who excelled in this lugubrious art. Then the funeral was hurried on, because they were in a hurry to open the chest.

The funeral was joined in the church-yard by a stranger, who muffled his face, and shed the only tears that fell upon that grave. After the funeral he staid behind all the rest and mourned, but he joined the family at the feast which followed; and, behold! it was Garret, come a day too late. He was welcomed with exuberant affection, not being down in the will; but they did not ask him to sleep there. They wanted to be alone, and read the will. He begged for some reminiscence of his father, and they gave him Lurcher. So he put Lurcher into his gig, and drove away to that good farmer, sure of his welcome, and praying God he might find him alive. Perhaps his brothers would not have let him go so easily had they known he had made a large fortune in America, and was going to buy quite a slice of the county.

On the way he kept talking to Lurcher, and reminding him of certain sports they had enjoyed together, and feats of poaching they had performed. Poor old Lurcher kept pricking his ears all the time, and cudgeled his memory as to the tones of the voice that was addressing him. Garret reached the farm, and was received first with stares, then with cries of joy, and was dragged into the house, so to speak. After the first ardor of welcome, he told them he had arrived only just in time to bury his father. "And this old dog," said he, "is all that's left me of him. He was mine first, but when I left, he took to father. He was always a wise dog."

"We know him," said the wife; "he has been here before." And she was going to blurt it all out, but her man said, "Another time," and gave her a look as black as thunder, which wasn't his way at all, but he explained to her afterward. "They are friends, those three, over the old man's grave. We should think twice before we stir ill blood betune 'em." So when he stopped her, she turned it off cleverly enough, and said the dear old dog must have his supper. Supper they gave him, and a new sheep-skin to lie on by the great fire. So there he lay, and seemed to doze.

The best bed in the house was laid for Garret, and when he got up to go to it, didn't that wise old dog get up too with an effort, and move stiffly toward Garret, and lick his hand; then he lay down again all of a piece, as who should say, "I'm very tired of it all." "He knows me now at last," said Garret, joyfully. "That is his way of saying good-night, I suppose. He was always a wonderful wise dog."

In the morning they found Lurcher dead and stiff on the sheep-skin. It was a long good-night he had bid, so quietly to the friend of his youth.

Garret shed tears over him, and said, "If I had only known what he meant, I'd have sat up with him. But I never could see far. He was a deal wiser for a dog than I shall ever be for a man."

Meantime the family party assembled in the bedroom of the deceased. Every trace of feigned regret had left their faces, and all their eyes sparkled with joy and curiosity. They went to open the chest. It was locked. They hunted for the key; first quietly, then fussily. The women found it at last, sewed up in the bed; they cut it out and opened the chest.

The first thing they found was a lot of stones. They glared at them, and the color left their faces. What deviltry was this?

Presently they found writing on one stone, "Look below." Then there was a reaction, and a loud laugh. "The old fox was afraid the money and parchments would fly away, so he kept them down."

They plunged their hands in, and soon cleared out a barrowful of stones, till they came to a kind of paving-stone. They lifted this carefully out, and discovered a good new rope with a running noose, and—the will.

It was headed in large letters finely engrossed:

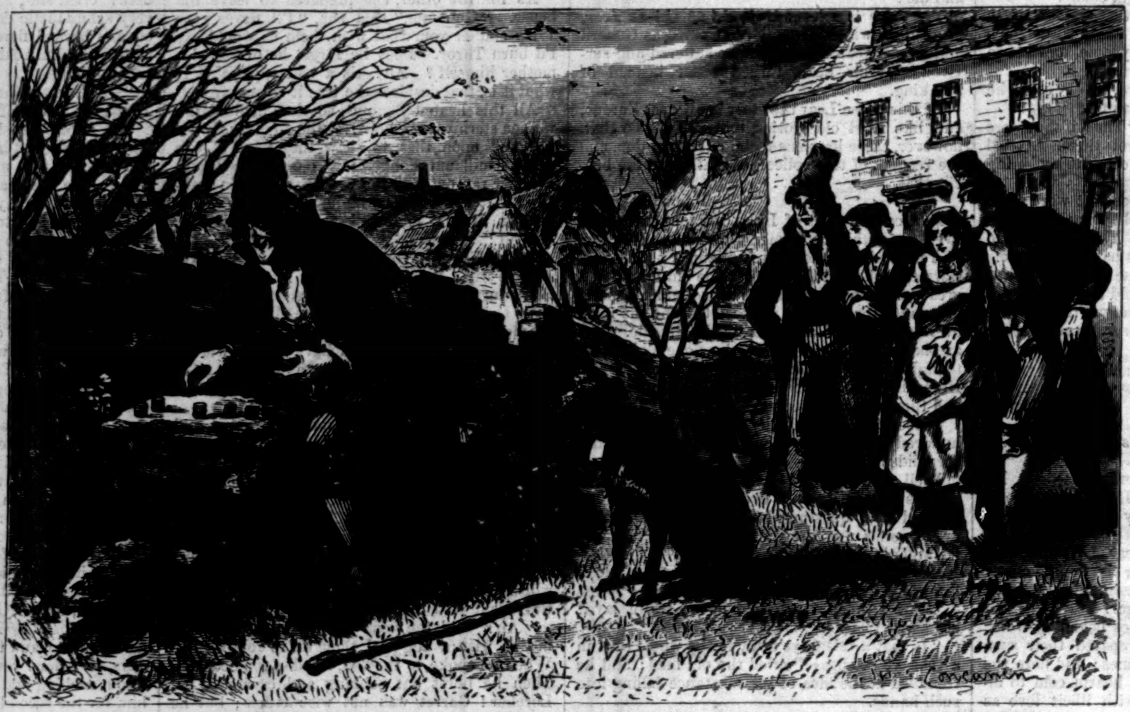
"THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF BRIAN TAAFE."

But the body of the instrument was in the scrawl of the testator.

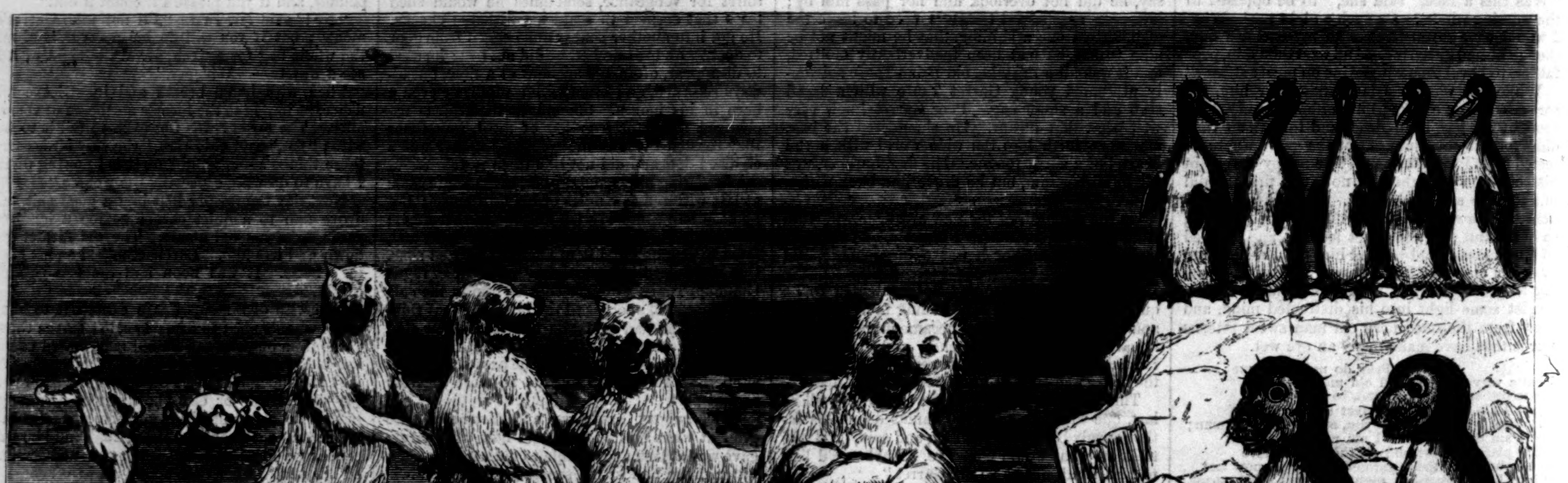
> "I bequeath all the stones in this box to the hearts that could turn their father and benefactor out on the highway that stormy night.
>
> "I bequeath this rope for any father to hang himself with who is fool enough to give his property to his children before he dies."

This is a prosaic story compared with the *Lear* of Shakspeare, but it is well told by Gerald Griffin, who was a man of genius. Of course I claim little merit but that of setting the jewels. Were I to tell you that is an art, I suppose you would not believe it.

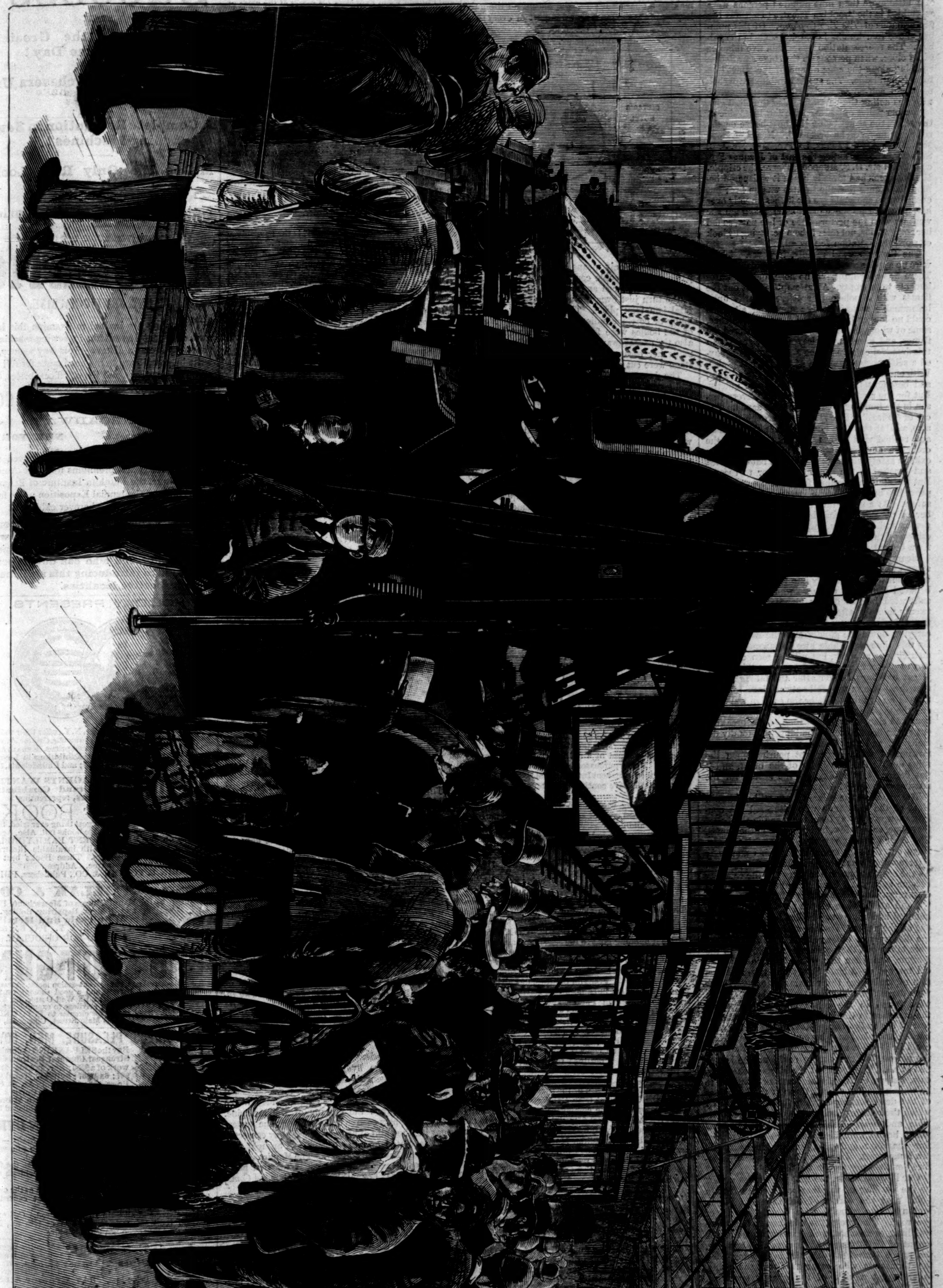
I have put the two stories together, not without a hope that the juxtaposition may set a few intelligent people thinking. It is very interesting, curious, and instructive to observe how differently the same events operate upon men who differ in character. And perhaps "The Two Lears" may encourage that vein of observation: its field is boundless.



"THERE WERE PILES AND PILES OF GOLD GLOWING IN THE SUN."



OPENING OF THE SEASON AT THE NORTH POLE.



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THE BROOKLYN CALAMITY.

On Tuesday evening, December 5, an audience of a little more than nine hundred persons were assembled in the Brooklyn Theatre to witness the performance of *The Two Orphans*. Of this number above four hundred occupied seats in the gallery. The representation was within five minutes of its close, when persons on the stage saw flames creeping along the edge of one of the "flies" on the left-hand side. The actors exhibited rare coolness and self-possession. Miss KATE CLAXTON, who was acting the part of Louise, the blind girl, lay on her pallet of straw on the left-hand side of the stage, the scene being the boat-house on the river, the home of La Frochard. Near her stood Mrs. MARY ANNE FARREN, La Frochard, Mr. J. B. STUDLEY, who was acting the part of Jacques Frochard, and Mr. H. S. MURDOCH, Pierre, the cripple. Miss CLAXTON had already heard it whispered behind the scenes that the theatre was on fire; but even though she could see the flames directly over her, with rare presence of mind and courage she went on with the performance of her part, as did her companions, not one of them betraying by look or word the agitation felt by all.

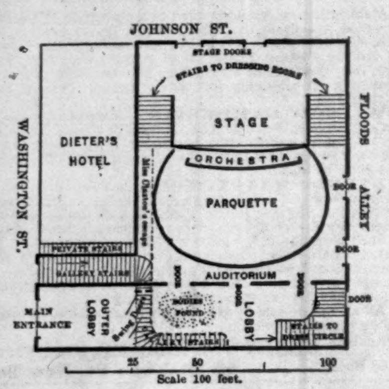
The flames spread rapidly, however. There were no appliances at hand for extinguishing fire. There was a hydrant, but no hose, and the water buckets were empty. An attempt to beat out the flames with a pole only scattered sparks upon inflammable material. The appalling situation could no longer be concealed from the audience, some of whom, indeed, had already discovered the flames, and were hastily leaving their seats. In this dreadful emergency the actors again displayed a self-possession worthy of the highest praise. With one accord they advanced to the foot-lights, and besought the audience to disperse quietly. But for the awful panic that followed, every person in the building might have been saved. The cry of "Fire!" "Fire!" echoed through the theatre, and at once the audience rose as one man and rushed madly for the doors. Those in the orchestra and parquette managed to reach the exits in safety, although many were badly bruised and crushed in the frantic endeavor to escape. But the stairway leading from the upper gallery proved to be a death-trap instead of a means of safety. At a sharp turn in this stairway a number of persons became inextricably wedged together, and formed an impassable barrier to the escape of those who were pressing against them from behind.

Meanwhile the flames spread rapidly, the whole stage was one mass of fire, and a dense cloud of black smoke blew directly into the gallery. It is believed that most of those who perished were suffocated in this deadly cloud. In less than twenty minutes after the first alarm was given, the roof of the theatre fell in with a fearful crash, carrying down the gallery and the dress circle. By this time the whole Fire Department of the district was at work, but all the men could do was to prevent the flames from spreading to adjacent buildings. Soon after the falling of the roof the northern wall fell outward into Johnson Street; a few minutes later the eastern wall fell, and the theatre was a heap of ruins. Hardly an hour had elapsed from the time of the breaking out of the fire before the building was totally demolished, and the flames were under control. Streams of water were kept pouring upon the ruins during the remainder of the night, and it was decided that at daylight the search for the missing ones should commence.

The extent of the calamity was still unknown. Most of the thousands who witnessed the conflagration went away from the scene in the belief that none, or very few, had perished in the flames. The search at day revealed the awful tragedy. From out the still smouldering ruins one body after another was brought out by the firemen. As the search went on, the extent of the calamity became apparent. Soon the number of victims discovered reached forty, then fifty, then seventy; and at the time of the present writing two hundred and ninety-two bodies have been taken out of the ruins. Further search may result in the discovery of other victims. As fast as they were taken out, the bodies were conveyed to the Morgue, and when that would hold no more, the old market on Adams Street was taken possession of, and there the remains of other victims were deposited. The greatest number of bodies were found in the cellar, immediately beyond the entrance to the large hall or corridor in the rear of the auditorium. Most of the bodies were burned and blackened beyond recognition; many could be identified by means of articles found on the person, but many more could not be identified at all. The scenes at the Morgue when parents, sisters, or friends of some one known to be among the lost passed through the long lines of the dead, seeking in vain for some mark by which the remains could be recognized, were terrible and heart-breaking. Among the victims whose bodies were identified were two actors of fine character and promise, Mr. MURDOCH and Mr. BURROUGHS. In several instances whole families perished together in the flames.

Our illustration on the first page gives a view of the burning of the theatre, sketched from a point near the corner of Johnson and Washington streets, shortly after the falling in of the roof. The crowd was immense, but there was little excitement, owing to ignorance of the extent of the disaster. The next day, however, the police had great difficulty in keeping back the thousands who gathered about the ruins, eager to get a view of the ghastly spectacle. Great credit is due to the firemen and the police for their heroic efforts to save life, at the peril of their own, on the night of the conflagration.

The accompanying diagram will give the reader a clear idea of the scene of the disaster. It is evident, while the stage and the parquette were amply provided with avenues of escape, the means of egress from the gallery were totally inadequate. One narrow stairway, commencing on the left of the main entrance, turning to the right above, and passing over this entrance and again making a sharp turn for the ascent to the gallery—always the most crowded part of every theatre—was the only means by which hundreds of panic-stricken people could fly from the horrible death that menaced and overtook them. It was at the turn just over the main entrance that the fatal jam took place. The dotted space in the lobby or corridor indicates the spot where most of the bodies were found. The diagram shows also the passageway through which Miss CLAXTON made her escape when other avenues from the stage were cut off.



The day succeeding the fire was one of sorrow and gloom for Brooklyn. A pall seemed to hang over the whole city. Business was almost wholly suspended, and people meeting in the streets conversed in subdued tones about the terrible calamity. The other theatres were closed and draped with mourning. Brooklyn was, indeed, a city of mourning. Those who had escaped felt that they had been rescued from the very gates of death, and their rejoicing was tempered and subdued by the solemn thought.

In another part of this paper the question of the safety of our places of amusement is discussed. The press all over the country has taken the matter up, and it is to be hoped that the result will be practical measures which will prevent in future the occurrence of a calamity like that which has put a whole city in mourning for her dead.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE auction sale of the Exhibition buildings at Fairmount Park is over, and one can not but apprehend that the result diminishes the probability of a fully satisfactory return to the stockholders and the government upon the money contributed to establish the Exhibition. The uses for which these buildings were adapted were so unusual, and the circumstances of haste and pressure under which many of them were erected were so promotive of increased expense, that considerable loss from an auction sale was, of course, to be anticipated. But the prices reported seem very low, even making all proper allowances; and the buyers rather than the corporation must be congratulated on the result. Thus the Main Exhibition Building, which cost upward of a million and a half, brought $250,000. It was purchased by Mr. John S. Morton in behalf of the Permanent International Exhibition Company, and will have continued existence as an exhibition building.

The following were the prices realized, compared with the alleged cost, of several of the more noted of the other buildings:

Mineral Annexes,	brought	$1000;	cost	$19,000.
Carriage Building,	"	4100;	"	55,000.
Photographic Building,	"	1000;	"	23,000.
Art Gallery Annex,	"	3050;	"	110,000.
Judges' Hall,	"	1000;	"	30,000.
Agricultural Hall,	"	131,000;	"	270,000.
Public Comfort Building,	"	1000;	"	22,000.

Several of the buildings were purchased for uses which will bring them more or less within the notice of the public in future. Judges' Hall was secured for the Permanent Exhibition Company. The Medical Department building goes to the sea-side summer resort at Ocean Beach, New Jersey, and so does the small building known as the Centennial Grand Reserve, and the National Bank building. The Corliss boiler-house was bought for the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia. The music pavilion in Landsdowne Ravine will be presented to Fairmount Park. The butter and cheese factory is destined to become a hotel at Asbury Park, New Jersey. Cook's world ticket office is to increase the accommodations of Landisville camp-meeting grounds. Rowell's newspaper pavilion is to be fitted up as a lecture and concert hall. The Pennsylvania Educational Hall is destined for an excursion house at the sea-side.

It is gratifying to learn of the success which has attended the Centennial Loan Exhibition of paintings, from the report of the committee which has recently been given. There were fifty-eight contributors to the exhibition, and 580 pictures selected, of which 182 were placed in the Metropolitan Museum, and 398 in the Academy of Design. The exhibition was open about 220 days, and the gross receipts were $51,250 75. Expenses being deducted, there remains left for distribution between the two places $31,907 08.

There will be five eclipses in 1877, viz., a total eclipse of the moon on February 27, visible in the United States; a partial eclipse of the sun on March 14, visible in Western Asia; a partial eclipse of the sun on August 8, visible in Alaska, Kamtchatka, and the North Pacific Ocean; a total eclipse of the moon on August 23, partly visible in the Eastern and Southern States; and a partial eclipse of the sun on September 7, visible in South America.

The Pelham coach has just discontinued its trips for the season. The crowd which gathered in front of the Hotel Brunswick on the 1st day of May, when Colonel Kane started on his initial trip, has never flagged in its interest a single day. And on its last trip, a cold winter's morning, there was the same gentlemanly group to cheer its departure and arrival. Pecuniarily the enterprise can hardly be called a success, as the expenses have exceeded the receipts by five dollars a day. But in respect to enjoyment and a health-giving recreation, it has been abundantly successful, and Colonel Kane expresses his regret at the close of the season, and his intention of having his coach on the road again as early as next Easter.

The cultivation of celery is now strongly recommended to farmers, not only as a source of profit to themselves, but as a benefit to the community, since the habitual daily use of this vegetable is more beneficial to man as a nerve tonic than most persons are aware of. Those especially who are engaged in labor weakening to the nerves should use celery daily during its season.

The cheap cab enterprise seems to have a fair prospect of at least commencing operations. A quarter of a million was required to start the work, and all but $62,000 is subscribed. It is expected that the balance will be speedily taken up, when the building of the stable will begin at once, the site having been selected. It is intended to put 150 cabs on the streets in a few weeks' time, making temporary provision for the horses until the stables are in order.

The "Printers' Greeley Memorial" is the name given to the monument recently placed over the grave of Horace Greeley in Greenwood. The bust is of bronze, colossal size, and rests upon a granite base. Upon one side of the pedestal is a bronze tablet representing Mr. Greeley at work as a young compositor. Upon the other two sides, also in bronze, are a plow, a pen, and a scroll, and on the fourth is a simple inscription. The monument is the work of Mr. Calverly, an American sculptor. The cost was six thousand dollars, which was contributed mainly by the printers of New York.

The portion of Castle Garden which was burned not long ago has been rebuilt and re-occupied as the landing dépôt for immigrants. The interior presents almost the same appearance as previous to the fire, except that the gallery is no longer to be seen. The new dome affords much better light, and the ventilation has been much improved. The inside arrangements are not complete as yet, but the accommodations are adequate for the limited number of immigrants who arrive at this season of the year. The Commissioners will push forward the work remaining to be done without delay, in order to be prepared for an increase in the number of arrivals which they think would take place in case of a European war.

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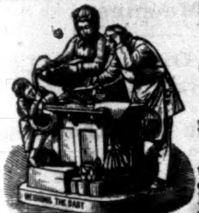

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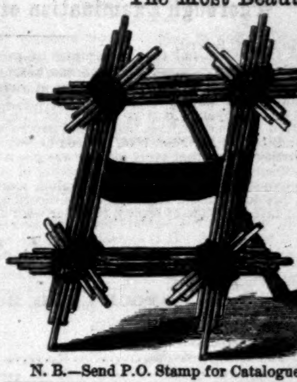

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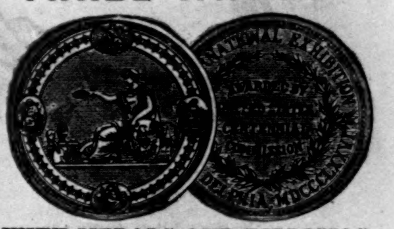
$10 to $25 a day sure made by Agents selling our Chromos, Crayons, Picture & Chromo Cards. 125 samples, worth $5, sent, postpaid, for 85c. Illustrated Catalogue free. **J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, BOSTON.** Estab'd 1830.

Imitation Gold Watches $15, $20 and $25 each. Chains $2 to $12, to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C. O. D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. Collins Metal Watch Factory, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696

ILL. CATALOGUE of articles for free. Boston Novelty Co., Mass. **AGENTS**

25 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts., postpaid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

THREE AWARDS



WITH MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS,

—TO—

Reed & Barton,

No. 686 Broadway, New York,

—FOR—

Silver-Plated Goods.

Centennial Exposition, Phila.

EXTRACTS FROM JUDGES' REPORTS.

"AN EXTENSIVE DISPLAY of SILVER-PLATED GOODS, INCLUDING ALL **VARIETIES OF HOUSEHOLD TABLE WARE.**

"THEIR HOLLOW WARE, PLATED upon WHITE METAL, IS OF **HIGH EXCELLENCE,** WITH DESIGNS IN **GOOD TASTE** AND QUALITY, and FINISH of **SUPERIOR CHARACTER.**

"THEIR MANY PATTERNS of KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS **ARE OF GREAT EXCELLENCE.**

"THEIR HISTORICAL VASE,

PROGRESS,

ILLUSTRATING PHASES OF THE 15TH AND 19TH CENTURIES, AN ORIGINAL AND ELABORATE COMPOSITION OF **Striking Character and Praiseworthy Excellence** BOTH IN DESIGN AND EXECUTION."

REED & BARTON

HAVE BEEN AWARDED FIRST PREMIUMS FOR THEIR WARE WHEREVER EXHIBITED IN AMERICA AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Salesrooms, 686 Broadway, N. Y.

A NEW DEPARTURE. TRAVELING and local salesmen wanted. STAPLE GOODS. NO PEDDLING. Salary $75 a month. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. S. A. GRANT & CO., manufacturers of ENVELOPES and PAPER, 2, 4, 6 and 8 Home St., Cincinnati, Ohio

AN AGENT is wanted in every county of the United States to sell the most popular book ever published. For particulars, address INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., 407 North 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

OPIUM EATERS EASILY CURED. By one that used it for thirteen years. Address Jos. A. Dunn, Elizabethport, N. J.

WANTED! SALESMEN at a salary of **$1200** a year to travel and sell goods to **Dealers. NO PEDDLING.** Hotel and traveling expenses paid. Address, Monitor Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED to cure a case of **Catarrh** in each neighborhood, with Dr. Karsner's Remedy, to introduce it. Sample free. J. C. Tilton, Pittsburgh, Pa.

$39 Each week to Agents. Goods Staple. 10,000 testimonials received. Terms liberal. Particulars free. J. Worth & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED Salesmen to sell light Hardware to *dealers.* No Peddling. Salary, $1200 a year. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. Address DEFIANCE M'F'G' CO., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Men to solicit orders for our goods; **permanent employment;** good salary. Traveling expenses paid by Company. **Union Industrial Works,** Cincinnati, O.

$350 A MONTH.—Agents wanted. 36 Best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address **J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.**

$3 WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. *Sample watch and outfit free to Agents.* For terms, address COULTER & CO., Chicago.

$894 made by ONE Agent in 57 days. 13 new articles. Samples free. Address C. M. LININGTON, Chicago.

YES YES **We want** an Agent in every town. Easy work at home. Write now and we will start you. $8 a day sure to all. SIMPSON & SMITH, 64 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

ENCLOSE st'mp to Dr. Dodge, Planters H'se, St. Louis, Mo., for Cardiac Articles as published in Chr. Times.

LADIES can make $5 a day in their own city or town. Address ELLIS M'F'G CO., Waltham, Mass.

$200 A Month. Outfit worth $1 free to Agents. Excel. Mfg. Co., 151 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

$55 to $77 A Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

LOVE AND MONEY. Great secrets sent free by The Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

NATIONAL MONTHLY, Ill'd, 50c. a year, 3 months' trial, 10c. *None free.* Lock Box 174, Washington, D. C.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, & Bazar.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States or Canada, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: Postage free.

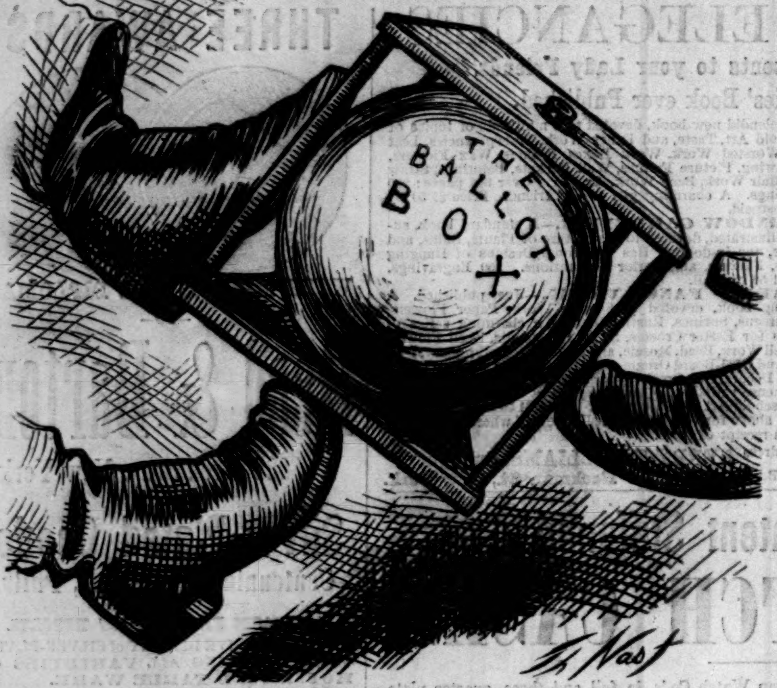
An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20 00, *without extra copy: Postage free.*

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



A NATIONAL GAME THAT IS PLAYED OUT.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS

Removed from 502--504 Broadway to

184 Fifth Avenue,

Invite inspection to their Stock of

SEAL-SKIN SACQUES,
FUR-LINED GARMENTS,
FUR TRIMMINGS.

The Largest and most Complete ever offered.

184 Fifth Avenue,
(Broadway & 23d St.), NEW YORK.

LONDON BOOKS,
Rare and Valuable,
AT
LONDON PRICES.

Suitable for public institutions and gentlemen's private libraries, many of which are curious and of rare occurrence.

Now Ready, Catalogue No. 93. Mailed gratis on application.

A. L. LUYSTER,
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KNABE

Highest Centennial Award.

DIPLOMA OF HONOR AND MEDAL OF MERIT.

By the system of awards adopted, Pianos of all grades received medals of precisely the same character, but the true test of merit appears only in the reports of the judges accompanying the medals. The judges found in the Knabe Pianos

The Best Exponents of the Art of Piano Making,

And by their verdict have conceded to them

THE LEADING POSITION,

COMBINING

All the Requisites of a Perfect Instrument in the Highest Degree:

POWER, RICHNESS, AND SINGING QUALITY OF TONE, EASE AND ELASTICITY OF TOUCH, EFFECTIVENESS OF ACTION, SOLIDITY AND ORIGINALITY OF CONSTRUCTION, EXCELLENCE OF WORKMANSHIP ON ALL FOUR STYLES,

Concert Grands, Parlor Grands, Square and Upright Pianos.

WM. KNABE & CO.,
BALTIMORE and NEW YORK.
No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WARD B SNYDER
MANUFACTURER OF
SKATES
[illegible]
4 FULTON STREET

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

STEEL PENS.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
HENRY HOE, SOLE AGENT, 91 John St., N. Y.

☞ *First Premium ahead of All at Centennial, Hand and Self-Inking.*

DO YOUR OWN **Printing.** Save money! Do more advertising

$3 Press for cards, labels, envelopes, etc. Larger sizes for large work. *Anybody* can work them, have good pastime for spare hours, and can make money by taking in small jobs.

THE EXCELSIOR PRESSES

BOYS have much fun and make money very fast at printing cards, etc. Send two stamps for catalogue to Mfrs. KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn

New York Office, 260 Broadway.

DICK'S TASTELESS MEDICINES
For Sale by all Druggists.

HOLIDAYS.

TIFFANY & Co.

UNION SQUARE.

Have the largest stock of Jewelry they have ever shown, including Diamonds and other Gems. Stone Cameos, Coral, and all Gold Jewelry of French, English, Roman, and their own make. A full line of Moderate priced goods suitable for presents for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.

Mail orders receive prompt and particular attention.

ACME CLUB SKATE.

Self-Fastening, requires no Plates, Straps, nor Key. Send stamp for List of Skates, Novelties, and Sporting Goods. FISH & SIMPSON, 132 Nassau Street, N. Y.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

SORRENTO AND INLAID WORK FOR AMATEURS.
By ARTHUR HOPE.

A practical Manual of Scroll-Sawing, Inlaying, and Home Ornamentation. Contains 50 full sized Designs, new and beautiful. Designs are worth more than price of book. Elegantly bound, 8vo. For sale by booksellers generally. Sent by mail on receipt of price, $1 50. Descriptive circular mailed to any address. JOHN WILKINSON, Publisher,
55 Lake Street, Chicago.

500 PIANOS & ORGANS NEW AND Second-hand, of First-Class Makers, including WATERS', will be sold DURING the HOLIDAYS at lower prices for Cash, or installments, or to let until paid for, than ever before offered in N. Y. From $10 to $15 monthly will buy a first-class new Piano, and $5 to $10 monthly a splendid Organ. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. AGENTS WANTED. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Warerooms, 40 East 14th St., Union Square, N.Y.

MARVIN
SAFE & SCALE CO
265 BROADWAY.
→SEND FOR ESTIMATES.←

FLORIDA BITTERS

Are the Best Tonic and superior to any Imported Bitters. Try it. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers, and Wine Merchants.
P.O. 4287. CLARK & HOYT, N.Y.

United States Life Insurance Company.

What the New York Insurance Department Reports After a Thorough Examination of the United States Life Ins. Co.

To the HON. WM. SMYTH, ALBANY, Nov. 27th, 1876.
Acting Supt. N. Y. Ins. Dept.

Pursuant to your appointment, No. 360, bearing date Nov. 13th, 1876, the undersigned, your commissioners, respectfully report that since the date of your commission they have been engaged at the office of the United States Life Insurance Company of New York City, in making an examination of the condition and affairs of said Company; that at the date of this report we have concluded a most thorough and exhaustive investigation of the securities, books, and papers of said institution, the result of which, showing the Company's condition on Nov. 1st, 1876, is given below.

We further report that every facility was given your examiners to make their researches full and complete, and the officers of the Company are deserving of your commendation therefor.

Complete schedules, giving each premium loan and uncollected and deferred premiums seriatim, are now on file in this department, together with a record of every policy in force. Mortgage Lists, giving each Mortgage, with date and page of record, together with detailed lists of all other Assets, are also on file.

I. ASSETS.

Real Estate			$61,002 94
Bonds and Mortgages, first liens			2,660,707 19

STOCKS AND BONDS OWNED.	Par Value.	Market Value.	
U. S. Registered Bonds	$137,350	$158,208 69	
N. Y. City Registered Bonds	508,000	540,675 00	
Brooklyn Registered Bonds	213,000	226,780 00	
Kings County Coupon Bonds	55,000	59,850 00	
Buffalo City Coupon Bonds	140,000	149,045 83	
Erie County Coupon Bonds	25,000	25,583 33	
Eastchester, N. Y., Coupon Bonds	16,000	16,280 00	
Richmond County, N. Y., Bonds	2,500	2,562 50	
Chicago City Bonds	50,000	50,500 00	
South Norwalk, Conn., Water Loan	100,000	104,000 00	
Jersey City Registered Bonds	74,000	77,140 00	
District of Columbia 3-65 Bonds	150,000	105,000 00	
Totals	$1,470,850	1,515,625 35	1,515,625 35

COLLATERAL LOANS.	Par Value.	Market Value.	Amount Loaned.	
Bonds and Mortgages	$50,000	$50,000	$30,000	
U. S. Bonds	10,000	11,600	10,000	
Dime Savings Bank Stock	3,000	3,000	1,500	
U. S. Bonds	1,000	1,130	900	
Rochester City Bonds	50,000	50,000	10,000	
Totals	114,000	115,730	52,400	52,400 00

Cash in Office	$473 02	
Cash in Bank, per Certificates	103,989 24	
Total Cash Items		104,462 26
Premium Notes and Loans on Policies in Force		172,744 72
Net Uncollected and Deferred Premiums		115,490 00
Accrued Interest on Bonds and Mortgages		70,735 98
Accrued Interest on Premium Notes and Loans		6,234 58
Total admitted Assets		$4,759,403 02

ITEMS NOT ADMITTED AS AVAILABLE ASSETS.	
Agents' balances	$18,839 09
Bills Receivable	8,695 18
Total	27,534 27
Aggregate Total Assets	$4,786,937 29

II. LIABILITIES.

Net present value of all the outstanding policies in force on the 31st day of October, 1876, computed by the Insurance Department, according to the American Experience Table of Mortality, with 4½ per cent. interest	$3,846,827 00
Unpaid losses, including all reported and supposed claims	122,930 00
Premiums paid in advance	6,829 22
Accrued Rent	2,500 00
Liability for reserve on lapsed policies where said policies can be restored on application	11,009 00
Total Liabilities	$3,990,095 22

III. MISCELLANEOUS.

Surplus as regards policy holders on the basis of admitted assets	$769,307 80
Surplus as regards policy holders on the basis of total assets	796,842 07
Capital Stock	250,000 00
Capital Scrip	125,000 00

JOHN A. McCALL, Jr. } Commissioners.
S. M. BALLARD, }

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT,
ALBANY, December 4th, 1876.

I, WILLIAM SMYTH, Acting Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York, do hereby certify that I have compared the annexed copy of Appointment and Report of Commissioners on examination of United States Life Insurance Company of New York with the original on file in this Department, and that the same is a correct transcript therefrom, and of the whole of said original. (Schedules excepted.)

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at the City of Albany, this 4th day of December, 1876.

[L. S.] WM. SMYTH, Acting Superintendent.

Humphreys' Parisian Diamonds.

Are a coating of real Diamonds on a pure Crystal. THEIR LUSTRE IS PURE, BRILLIANT, IMPERISHABLE, UNTARNISHED BY WEAR. Are as desirable as real Gems, and cost thirty times less. They are set in 18-Karat Gold.

We send Goods to any address, C. O. D., with the privilege to examine before paying. Send for Catalogue. I HAVE NO AGENTS.

HUMPHREYS,
779 Broadway, New York.
Between 9th and 10th Streets.

First Premium
Awarded by CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION to
Electro-Silicon
The best article for Cleaning & Polishing Silverware, Household Utensils, &c.
COFFIN, REDINGTON, & CO.,
No. 9 Gold St., N.Y.

SOMETHING NEW.
The Popular Photograph Camera.
☞ EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHOTOGRAPHER

Full directions accompanying each instrument, with material for making 12 negatives. Price $5 00. Send for Circular. G. S. WOOLMAN, 116 Fulton St., New York.

Don't fail to mention *Harper's Weekly*.

FAVORITE CIGARETTE ROLLER.
2¾ inches long.
Silver-Plated, 50c. Sent on receipt of price. POPE MFG. CO., 145 High St., Boston.

BOSS PRINTING PRESS.

The neatest press made. Adjustable Gauge with Ink Table and Roller. Warranted to give satisfaction. Price, $1 50; by mail, $1 75. Send 10c. for our Catalogue of Sporting and Novelty Goods.
WILLIAMS & CROCKETT, 91 Duane St., New York.

PECK & SNYDER'S AMERICAN CLUB SKATE.

The best Skate in the world. An appropriate Centennial Gift. Enclose stamp for descriptive circular, with prices, to PECK & SNYDER, M'f's, 126 Nassau St., N.Y.

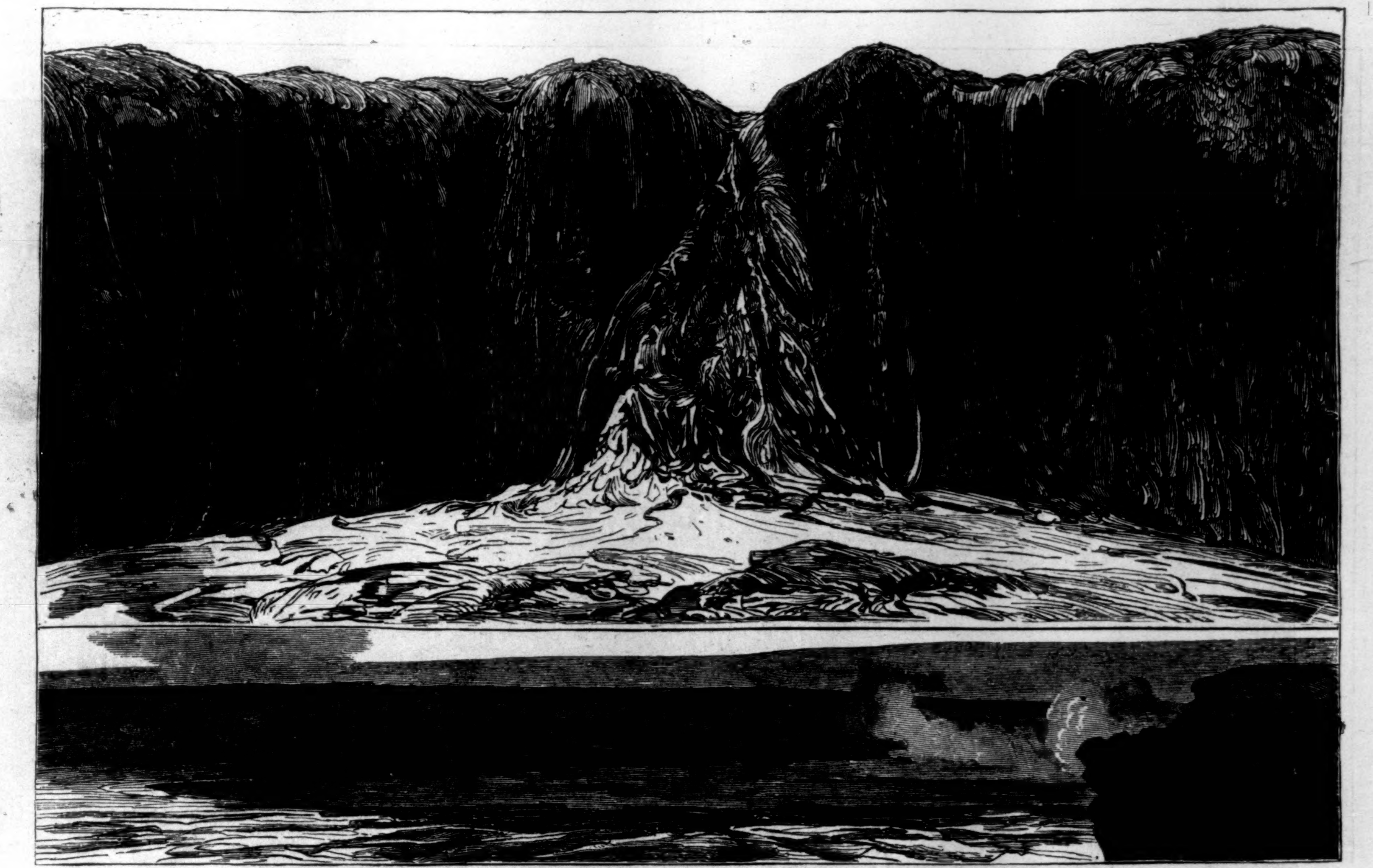
NEW YORK
AQUARIUM
Broadway & 35 St.
W. C. COUP MANAGER.

CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHS

For the *Stereoscope, Graphoscope, Album, Portfolio*, and *Magic Lantern*. Stereoscopic views postpaid, $3 per doz. Send stamp Catalogue of Wilson's choice selections.

Canvassers and Agents Wanted.

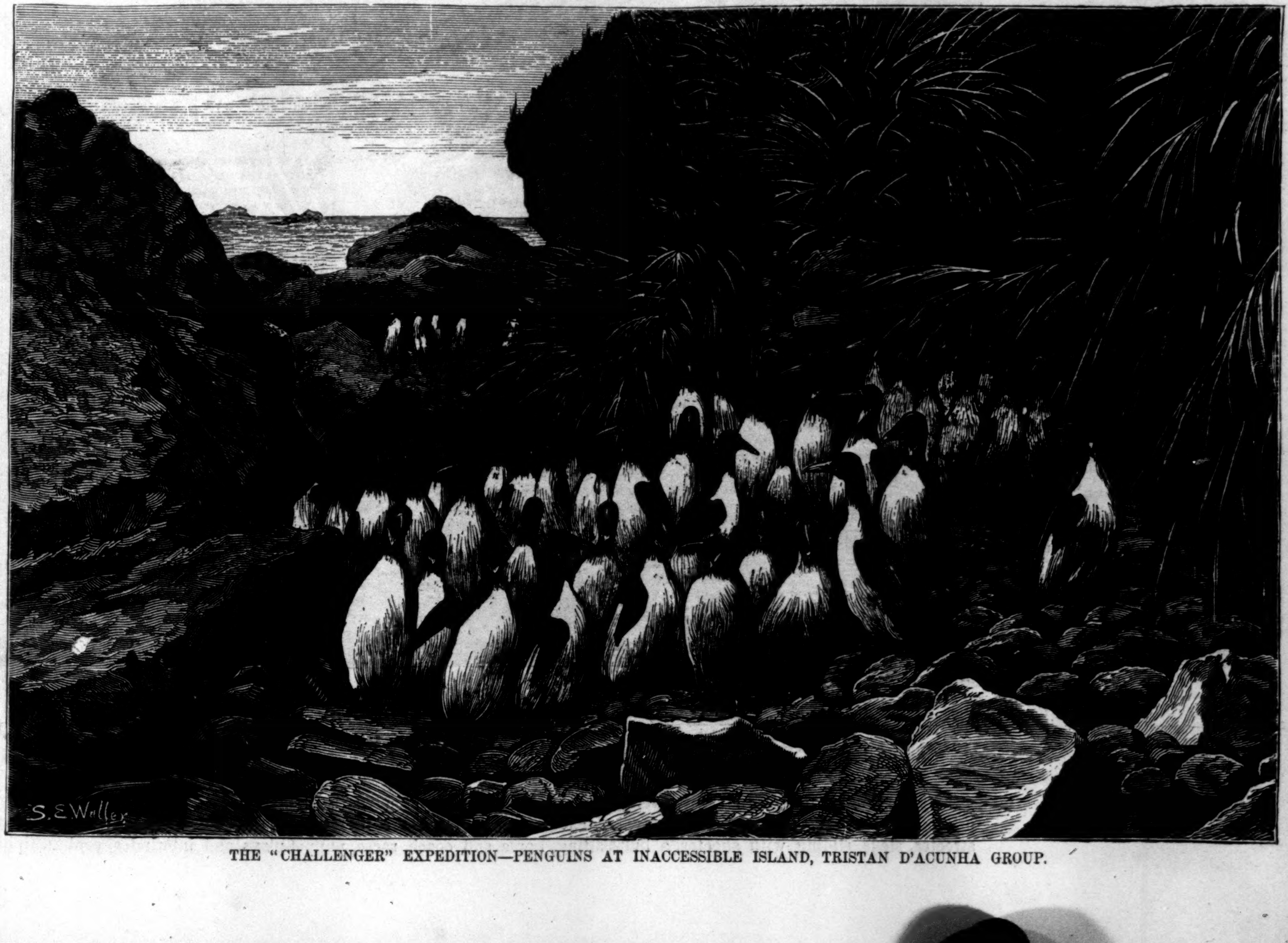
☞ Head-quarters for Lantern Slides. Largest stock in America. Catalogue 25c. EDWARD L. WILSON, Supt. Centennial Photo. Co., Office, 116 N. 7th St., Phila.



THE "CHALLENGER" EXPEDITION—OVERFLOW OF LAVA AND CRATER OF KILAUEA, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE "CHALLENGER" EXPEDITION.

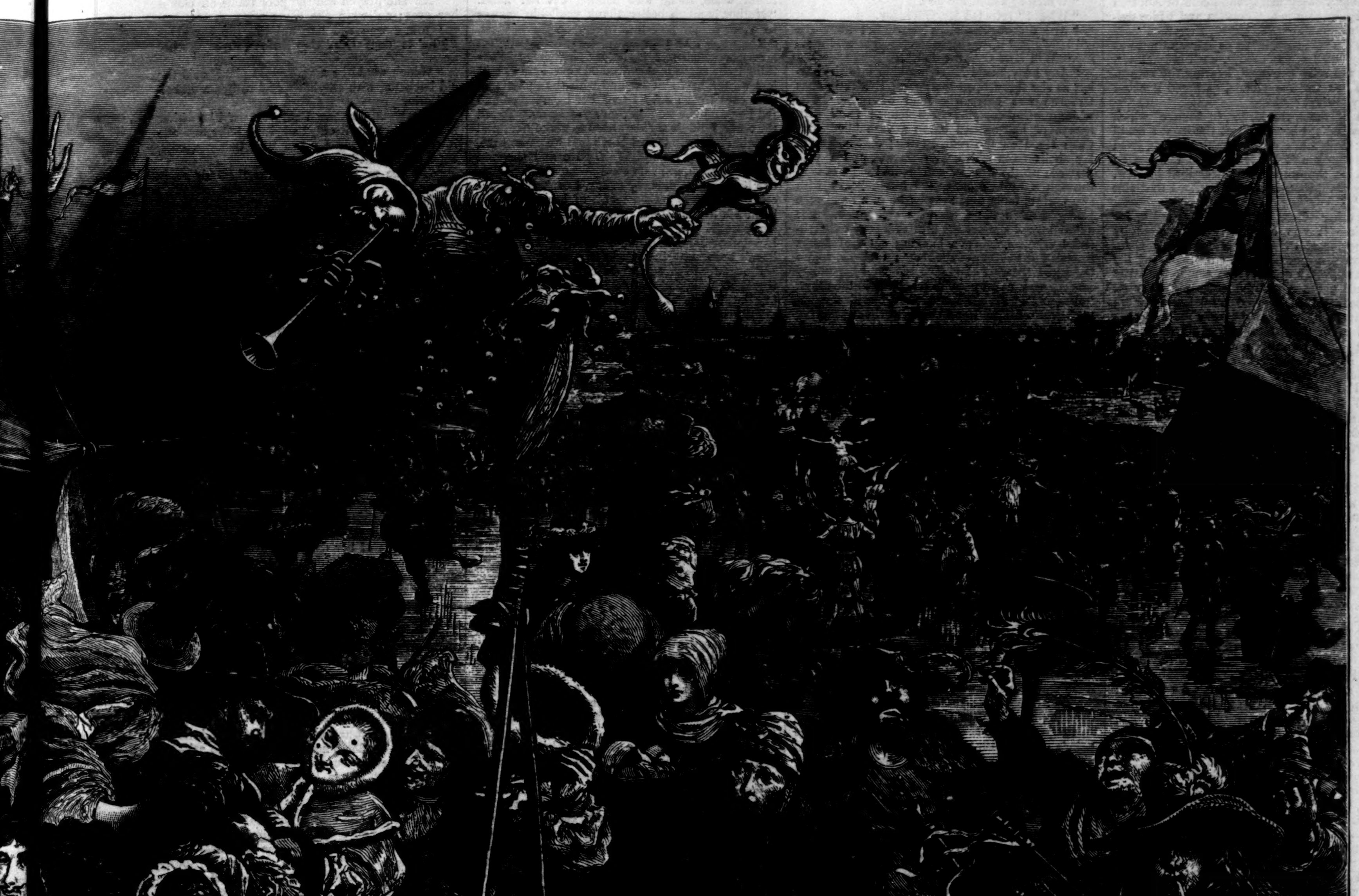
One of the most important scientific expeditions of recent times was that of the *Challenger*, to which reference has been frequently made in the *Weekly* under the head of "Scientific Intelligence." The expedition, which was sent out by the British government, made the circuit of the globe, gathering information respecting many regions hitherto but partially known, making almost numberless deep-sea soundings, and bringing to the light of day the mysteries of the world beneath the mighty waters. A number of skillful artists and photographers accompanied the expedition, and not the least valuable of the treasures carried home were the sketches and photographs, which form a part of the records of the voyage. On this page we give engravings from several of these sketches. The first two show the lava pit of the celebrated burning mountain of the Sandwich Islands, Kilauea, the largest continually active crater in the world. It is a huge pit, eight miles in circumference, and a thousand feet in depth. It lies upon the eastern side of Mauna Loa—a mountain over 13,000 feet in height, which has a summit crater whose activity is intermittent. This immense pit is easily descended, and the traveler may stand directly on the edge of the seething lake and dip his staff in the burning lava. The most destructive eruptions proceed from the crater of Mauna Loa. Especially memorable are those of 1832, 1840, 1843, 1852, 1855, 1859, 1868, and 1873. Those of 1840, 1859, and 1868 made their way out into the sea, and added considerably to the area of the land. The distance over which the melted lava flowed was fifty miles, and the time was eight days. The sight of this burning mass moving over the land must have been grand and impressive. The lower sketch represents a scene on Inaccessible Island, one of a group in the South Atlantic, claimed by Great Britain, and during the imprisonment of Napoleon at St. Helena held by a small British garrison. Now all is desolate and bare, and the only inhabitants are sea-birds and penguins. The former in some instances formed such dense flocks in the air as to obscure the light, and the latter were so numerous that it was said if they had only understood the advantage of combination, they might have withstood the landing of the strangers.



THE "CHALLENGER" EXPEDITION—PENGUINS AT INACCESSIBLE ISLAND, TRISTAN D'ACUNHA GROUP.

VANITY FAIR—CHRI

"The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with boothes in formal streetes, all sorts of trades ar
printed. This humour took so universally, that 'twas estimated the printer gain'd 5£ a day for a line only at sixpence a name, besides
streetes, sleds, sliding with skeetes, a bull-baiting, horse and coach races, puppet-plays and interludes, cookes, tipling, and other lewd places, s



—CHRISTMAS, 1683.

rades and shops furnish'd, and full of commodities, even to a printing-presse, where the people and ladyes tooke a fancy to have their names besides what he got by ballads, &c. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other staires to and fro, as in the places, so that it seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water."—*Evelyn's Diary, January* 24, 1684.